

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII
1781

AMERICA
SEES THE
RED
LIGHT
by A.G.G

AIR RAID
FREE INSURANCE
WE PAY
MORE CLAIMS



*You've
earned
your
leisure...*

PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK
TIPPED (MILD)

for pleasure



PLEASE LEAVE THE PACKET BEHIND



You can rely on 'DIGGER'

If you enjoy a 'full-bodied' tobacco you can be certain of much enjoyment from 'Digger.' And in these trying times you can also be assured that the fine quality and character which have made 'Digger' so popular remain unimpaired.

FLAKE-SHAG-MIXTURE-HONEYDEW-PLUG



**PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS**

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE P.D.82

A War problem solved...

Evacuation—particularly from slum areas where the numbers affected are alarmingly high—has increased the danger of 'dirty' heads. It seems wicked, but the cleanest child may be affected. There's only one course for a careful mother—keep a tablet of Derbac Soap (6d. & 1/-) in the house. It's a first-class soap for regular shampoos—kiddies love its freshness. It's also the pleasantest, certain disinfectant for the dangerous disease-carrying pests that can be transferred all too easily. Even to your child. Write for free booklet 'Hair Hygiene', to Pure Products Ltd., Colwick, Nr. Nottingham. It is full of information and advice.



EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

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FIRST**

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Brand Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists and Stores, 1/8 and 2/6 a tin.

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OINTMENT**

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SHE'S as pretty as a picture, all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, perfect figure and sparkling health. She keeps right up to the mark, ready to tackle any job—just as you can—by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans stimulate and tone up the system, purify the blood and strengthen the nerves—thus improving your vitality and resistance and making you feel better in every way.

Just remember—Bile Beans will keep your health fully equal to any demand.



"I am delighted with Bile Beans for they keep me so wonderfully fit and well. Sometimes friends envy my sparkling health and vitality and I tell them the secret—just Bile Beans at bedtime."
—Miss D. O., Beckenham.

"At the beginning of the year I made a vow to take Bile Beans each night. I never made a better resolution. I now have a slim figure, clear skin and radiant health."
—Mrs. J. M., Lincoln.

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Improve Your Health, Figure & Vitality

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

- "No signs of varicose veins now."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
- "Heart is quite sound again now."
- "The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
- "Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
- "My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! 'ELASTO' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1. Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto', The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.

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and two empty 6d.
S.R. Cartons

This generous offer helps you to save your money and your teeth. All you have to do to get a 1/3 tube of Gibbs S.R. is collect two empty 6d. S.R. cartons and hand these, with 1d., to your chemist! Gibbs S.R., because it contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own treatment for gum diseases, prevents and cures pyorrhea and gingivitis, the diseases which undermine the teeth. Use Gibbs S.R. regularly for healthy gums and sound teeth.

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End Those Tormenting PILES

If you suffer from piles (haemorrhoids) with constant pain, itching and swelling, you'll find wonderful relief in Zam-Buk Ointment. The refined herbal oils soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use. 1/3 a box.

Zam-Buk
OINTMENT & SUPPOSITORIES.



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 3, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"



TWO FUMBLING MINISTERS

IN the weeks of waiting, Britain has strengthened her arms. But strong arms must be guided by a clear head—and some of our Ministers' heads seem no clearer than a pea-soup fog.

Passing from egregious blunder to murky muddle, the Ministry of Information is now making a present to the Nazis.

It supplies material for the news bulletins broadcast to enemy countries. Material so bad that it impedes, not furthers, our cause.

So bad that the Germans actually encourage Norwegians to listen to the Norwegian broadcasts from London.

They Don't Know

For the Germans are wily.

They know the Norwegians become bored, then contemptuous of "news bulletins" that constantly harp on the Narvik battles, the Dunkirk withdrawal, and other events of the past, padded out by mere translations of the British bulletins and repeated to the pitch of nausea.

Nothing to tell the Norwegian listeners how their kinsmen at sea are faring!

Although the Norwegian merchant fleet, one of the biggest in the world, is in British hands, its fortunes are kept secret from its folk at home.

Nothing to tell the Norwegians how their King and statesmen in London are carrying on their plans for a free Norway!

Duff Cooper's Chance

So it is with nearly all our foreign broadcasts, which could be made more virile by some of the German Socialists now in our internment camps.

The inept Ministry of Information, beaten in its attempts to muzzle freedom of speech in Britain, persists in starving our Allies of news to sustain their fortitude and calm their doubts.

But if Mr. Duff Cooper is eager to atone for his blunders, here is a chance for him to make his Ministry worthy of its title.

Another Muzzler

We have heard the last of his curb-the-Press campaign. But another Minister takes over his attempt to cripple your newspapers.

Sir Kingsley Wood does not try to censor your news. He tries to stop you from buying newspapers by making them dearer.

New Purchase Tax

Smaller newspapers have not prevented costs of newspaper production from soaring to staggering

heights. But the extra cost has not been passed on to the public.

Sir Kingsley Wood wants newspaper proprietors to charge you more, which would prevent the poor from getting the news that war makes more necessary than ever.

Some of his Budget proposals are good.

Some are bad, very bad. And the worst is the Purchase Tax that, killed weeks ago by the Labour Party, is now reintroduced in a different guise.

Dodging a Reform

It will make dearer virtually everything you buy. Yet the amount it will raise will do little to refill our war coffers.

It is niggling and vexatious.

It will be costly to collect.

It is a proof that Sir Kingsley has preferred piecemeal taxes instead of recasting the whole system of direct taxation—a reform for which the public clamoured.

Front-Line Effort

He invites as decisive a defeat as that which Mr. Duff Cooper has suffered. Already M.P.s are vehemently attacking him.

The Purchase Tax, in one respect, is a toll on knowledge, for books and newspapers are the greatest sources of knowledge that the world has ever known.

The more newspapers circulate the higher is the people's morale.

They are in the front line of our war effort.

Yet the Government that so often has admitted this truth is now intent on destroying it!

Helping the B.B.C.

For what purpose?

To bolster up a Government monopoly—the B.B.C.?

Preferential treatment given to the B.B.C. in censorship, the speed with which news is given to it to the disadvantage of newspapers, is a growing scandal.

But the public will not endure a monopoly of news, particularly when that monopoly is Government-controlled.

And the public, by making its voice heard, can defeat the blow aimed at it in the new Purchase Tax.

Land Still Idle

What else must be done to check interference with our war effort? We must throw out all who impede the grow-more-food campaign.

Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, is now aware of this necessity. He has seized many farms and building sites whose owners were too lazy or too obstinate to help stock Britain's larders.

MORE AIR RAID CLAIMS PAID

£200 has been paid to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill, who lost their lives during a recent air raid on South East England. Mr. and Mrs. Hill had retired for the night and were asleep in

bed when a high explosive bomb landed upon their house, completely shattering it.

This payment is made under the vital war time protection provided by "John Bull's"

Free Air Raid Insurance

"JOHN BULL" OFFERS TO EVERY READER A £200 FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY, UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S.

SO ACT NOW!

Registered readers automatically qualify for these benefits without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newspaper. Readers

who have not registered can use registration forms from past issues or obtain them on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Nazi aircraft losses now total more than 3,500 destroyed, 1,000 damaged, since war began.

● Argentina has refused to ship maize to Italy, preferring to burn surplus stocks.

● Sir Stafford Cripps has been a success in Moscow. Official agreement will be announced shortly.

● Many munition workers in the Ruhr are staying away from night shift because of R.A.F. raids. Gestapo is arresting some absentees, but that doesn't seem to deter the others.

● Eight German liners, converted into hospital ships in anticipation of "invasion wounded," have now been moved into the Baltic with skeleton crews.

● Hitler's next move will soon come. Still trying to avoid risking his military machine, he'll starve out his new subjects and blame Britain—hoping that world opinion will then force us to agree to peace terms.

● Baltic States now lining up with Russia have cancelled their trade with Germany, which will lose £17,000,000 a year in food and timber.

● Unrest is so serious in Holland that ten men in every street have been conscripted for labour in Germany and will be held as hostages.

● Malta, most frequently bombed target in the Empire, has suffered least damage and fewest casualties.

● Yet, despite Italian inefficiency, Goering is having to import Italians as observers and radio operators in his Air Force, so depleted are his reserves.

● Not only has Haile Selassie been smuggled to the Abyssinian border, but also arms are being smuggled across to his tribesmen, who report that our raids have badly shaken their conquerors' morale.

● Again, our blockade is playing havoc with the Italians at home. Tea is 55s. per lb. Coffee is issued only to the Army. Through coal restrictions, hot water in hotels costs 8d. per bottle.

Yet letters still pour into this office telling us of derelict farms, rich land that is relapsing into bog or jungle, big estates that remain untilled.

Roll up your sleeves still higher, Mr. Hudson!

Money for Nothing

The public will support him as wholeheartedly as they are behind Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin.

But here is something for those two Ministers' attention that is causing public uneasiness.

Shipyard workers, brought in for Sunday work and paid 26s. for the day, boast they need not take their tools from their bag. Some "earn" £2 10s. for keeping their hands clean on the Sabbath.

Most of them don't want money for nothing.

But they have to take it!

Skilled Men Ready

One Sussex firm, capable of making millions of bricks and tiles each week, closed down at war's outbreak, threw its hundred workers on the "dole." It should not stand idle much longer.

In a Scottish town, two hundred moulders are on the unemployed list. Hundreds more work only two or three days a week.

Yet in the last war this town's foundries produced millions of bombs and hand-grenades.

You want skilled men, Mr. Morrison?

Here they are!

Word of Caution

Subscriptions for a new Spitfire or Blenheim are difficult to collect.

There is no central body to allocate the sums raised by ordinary citizens; complications and difficulties arise.

Raise all the money you can. But save work by paying it into War Savings or War Bond funds.

You'll help to buy a 'plane just as well that way—and increase your own savings.

(Continued overleaf)

Continued from preceding page

- Dry Statistics to Make Adolf Thirsty
- No Need to Watch Pro-Fascist Recruits
- How to Solve Surplus Vegetable Problem
- Job for Navy's New Anti-Waste Officer
- Doctors' Plan to Watch for War-work strain

Hitler's blockade, costing him aircraft that he can't afford to lose, doesn't seem to be starving us out.

In a month we've landed foodstuffs worth £35,000,000—making more than £240,000,000 of food imports since the beginning of January—and raw materials worth nearly as much.

Statistics are usually dry.

These must be making Adolf thirsty.

No Need to Fear

Army officers are carefully watching recruits who were associated with the British Union of Fascists.

But it's been found that Army life makes most Fascists throw off any pro-Axis sympathies.

Truth Now, Please

Sinking of the *Lancastria* during the evacuation from France was known to British newspapers at the time.

But they kept silent until last week, when American papers got hold of the news.

Why was it not released by the Ministry of Information? Not enough for the Ministry to boast that it tells the truth.

We want the truth quickly.

War Wages Myth

Sir Kingsley Wood hints that high wages for war workers may not last "for the duration." But not all men on war work are thriving.

One skilled engineer has been with the same firm for thirty-one years. His son has now been engaged by the firm as a labourer—and gets £2 10s. a week more than his father.

Axe in Whitehall

Ministry of Economic Warfare has reduced its staff from 1,550 to 1,022. M.P.s should ask questions about other Departments.

Civil Service clerks complain to us of having to make about five minutes' work last from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Yet they are refused permission to resign for munition-making.

Hint for the M.O.

Ministers quickly took the hint when JOHN BULL stressed the unhealthiness of over-long hours for war workers. Here's something else for their attention:

Doctors, noting that tuberculosis has already increased in London since war's outbreak, fear that some women drafted into industry may not be able to stand the strain.

Chest examination by radiography is a quick, certain test, and would prevent a big jump in tuberculosis such as took place when women flooded into industry during the last war.

Too Much Nightwork!

Night work must be adjusted on a proper basis.

In at least one aircraft factory, the same shift does only day work and the other is kept on night work.

That is not only unfair, but unwise.

Why not a compulsory regulation for alternating the shifts, Mr. Bevin?

Navy's Wasted Food

A naval waiter has to serve fourteen complete meals in the officers' mess even when he knows that only two officers will turn up.

Twelve complete meals have to be thrown into the swill; trying to save

them merely brings him a reprimand from the cook.

So the anti-waste officer appointed by the Admiralty should easily justify his salary.

Surplus Food at Home

What about the surplus food at home? Many people are growing more vegetables and fruit than they use.

Romford, Essex, has started a soup kitchen where surplus food is distributed to the unemployed, pensioners, and dependants of men serving in the Forces.

If you live near by, try to help this sensible scheme.

If you live elsewhere, try to start a surplus-food centre yourself!

Meat Profiteering

One reason for meat profiteering is that some butchers are given B quality meat and have to pass it off as A quality to satisfy their customers.

Yet butchers in poorer quarters get prime meat that their customers cannot afford.

If butchers were graded into A or B, or both combined, customers could register with the butcher able to satisfy their particular requirements.

If You Are Plundered

Last word on the food topic concerns the giant's leap in fruit prices. Last year a pound of apples cost 2d., now it's risen to 8d.

Yet it has now been decided that price regulation committees can investigate alleged profiteering even on articles that are not controlled.

If you think you are being plundered, the remedy is in your own hands.

Selling Uniforms

Some shops have done fine business by selling L.D.V. armlets to all-comers.

Now that the L.D.V.s have become the Home Guard, the initials will have to be changed—but the trade will go on, for officialdom doesn't seem to realise the danger of allowing any Tom and Dick to pass themselves off as part-time soldiers.

A man who went into a tailor's shop recently was left unattended in a roomful of military uniforms. He happened to be a Home Guard in mufti—but, supposing he'd had Fifth Column leanings?

The Counter Check!

Ministry of Information doesn't take such chances (indeed, it sometimes guards its secrets too long, as we've said above).

Visitors have their pass stamped with the time they leave the official they've been to see; a man at the front entrance checks it up to make sure they haven't lingered in the corridor on their way out.

They'll be Grateful

Local authorities, zealously ordering shopkeepers to obliterate names of towns, still adorn A.R.P. shelters with posters revealing names in large letters.

Birkenhead is plastered with posters about the black-out informing visitors that they are in the County Borough of Birkenhead.

Parachutists—if they ever come—should be duly grateful.

Those Rusty Shelters

Old folk from a public institution have been billeted with householders near the sea front on Canvey Island, Essex. Yet



the council won't supply them with the Anderson shelters that lie rusting in the gardens of empty houses in the district.

Bomb Fodder!

One woman, compelled to take nine elderly people, applied for a shelter for them and one for her own family. When she received one for the family, she was told that the old folk must go without.

In her anger, she has refused to accept her own shelter.

In our anger, we'll do our utmost to see that the penniless aged will not be treated as bomb fodder by any local council.

Evacuation Anomaly

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has done a fine job in his new evacuation scheme—the biggest in history. But minor anomalies need to be ironed out.

Some youngsters, aged five to ten, are having to walk four miles to their new school and then four miles back to a village that has no sanitation and hardly any water supply.

Take up the iron, Mr. MacDonald!

Who's to Blame!

Defence work goes on apace. Some of it might be improved.

Firing slits in pill-boxes are often placed opposite to each other—so a man firing from the front might be disabled by a bullet or shell splinter entering from the rear slit.

Many Bren gun emplacements are just sandbags placed one on the other, might be put out of action by a near-by bomb burst.

Does the War Office approve?

Destroying Crops

"Scrap" in France now means the propaganda posters hopefully pasted up by the Nazis.

Although there is the death penalty for defacing these appeals to French "reason," they are all torn down overnight.

Peasants are already destroying surplus crops so that they shall not help to feed their conquerors.

They're Not Docile

French negro troops are being transported to Germany for forced labour.

Hitler, contemptuous of coloured races, will probably find these French colonials less amenable to slavery than his own people.

Nor can Parisians be entirely docile, judging by the fact that neutral journalists are not allowed to talk to civilians.

Czech Sabotage

Sabotage in Czechoslovakia is rife, despite the vigilance of Gestapo men.

In other occupied territories, hundreds of German N.C.O.s are being withdrawn from the army to take charge of key transport points because of frequent and deliberate "hold-ups" by the civilian staff.

Are You Observant?

When you buy next week's JOHN BULL see whether you can discover any change in it. We do not think you will, at first glance, because it will contain all the usual features that have made this journal so popular.

But there will be a subtle change—dictated in the national interest—for the pages will be slightly shallower. In the old size it was possible to give you only 20 pages; now it will be possible to give you 24.

Yet we shall still conserve paper, and every inch counts to-day.

Otherwise JOHN BULL will remain unaltered—your favourite "British Institution!"

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

Make Britain's Voice Heard!

AMONG the lessons we ought to have learned from this war is that the best defence is still attack. This is no less true in propaganda than in military action.

Perhaps it is even more important to attack early and to attack hard when your objective is the human mind instead of the poor human body.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVE NEVER HAD A GENIUS AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION, AND HITHERTO THERE HAS BEEN LITTLE BOLD OR IMAGINATIVE DIRECTION OF BRITISH PROPAGANDA EITHER AT HOME OR ABROAD.

Germans have constantly retained the initiative in the "war of nerves."

They have the advantage of us because they do not hesitate to tell lies.

But if Truth prevails in the long run, we ought to lay about us fiercely with this sharp and stainless sword.

This we are not doing.

We have done some pretty fencing, but not

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Escapists All

DURING the last war, a number of British officers, prisoners in Germany, became known as "The Escaping Club." Their object was to escape from wherever they happened to be. And escape they did!

Some were recaptured.

Some got clean away. Whatever happened, those still imprisoned kept on escaping.

Now we are all members of an "escaping club."

Let us admit it! Let us admit, since our behaviour is rarely as complex as we would like others to believe, that we spend a lot of our time running away—or trying to.

There are so many ways of doing it that we don't realise what we are doing half the time.

Children escape from reality by their imagination, by their earnestness in pretending, by their fantasies and their exaggerations.

Adults escape by telling lies.

They escape by capitalising weaknesses, appealing to sympathy, and thus avoiding responsibilities. They do it by alibis.

When a situation becomes difficult they go sick, or "drown their sorrows." Some take drugs.

Some even take the supreme escape—suicide.

Now escape in any such sense is a bad thing. It is running away from responsibility. It is just cowardly.

Yet escape, every now and again, is a necessity. And that sort of escape, deliberate, controlled escape, is another matter. Films, theatres, books, a hobby, an absorbing interest of any kind, are escape mechanisms that we should use.

They are the balance to the problems of reality, the pauses in our struggles without which we should soon become exhausted.

Let us be escapists by all means—as long as we know what we are doing, and why we are doing it.

There is nothing wrong in running away for an hour if, at the end of that hour, we return strengthened and refreshed to continue the fight.

much fighting. We have parried many blows, but we have made no deadly thrusts.

NOW THE TIME HAS COME NOT ONLY TO MEET BUT ALSO TO ANTICIPATE ENEMY PROPAGANDA.

"JOHN BULL" MAINTAINS THAT WE OUGHT IMMEDIATELY TO LAUNCH A "PEACE OFFENSIVE."

Hitler launched his—as we had constantly predicted he would—nearly a fortnight ago.

His speech to the Reichstag thus becomes ancient history in the furious march of present time.

Nevertheless, when he said that he saw no reason for the war to continue, that he had always desired British friendship and that he did not wish to destroy our Empire, he made a shrewd attack on the minds of his own countrymen.

All of us understood perfectly well that he would be willing to end the war only upon his own terms.

BUT most Germans did not understand. They have only Nazi newspapers to read, and they can listen to foreign broadcasts only at the peril of their lives.

Some of them do listen in spite of the risk.

Those who do not must have formed exactly the impression that Hitler wanted them to form: **THAT WE ARE THE WARMONGERS, VOWED TO NOTHING LESS THAN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REICH.**

THIS IS NOT TRUE, YET WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO COUNTER THE IMPRESSION?

DON'T IMAGINE THAT IT IS HELD SOLELY BY GERMANS. IT MUST ALSO BE HELD BY SOME OF THE DUPED PEOPLE IN GERMAN-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES. IT COULD EASILY SPREAD AMONG THE NEUTRALS.

Britain ought to tell the world now, in plain and simple language, just what she is fighting for. She ought to make her voice heard.

It is not enough to talk of "smashing Hitlerism" or of the "fight for freedom."

From the point of view of world propaganda, our war aims need to be stated in much more definite terms.

We should greatly advance our cause were we to say openly not only what we demand but also what we are prepared to concede.

We say this deliberately without an ounce of defeatism in our make-up. JOHN BULL is as uncompromising in our will to victory as Winston Churchill.

BUT WE DON'T FOOL OURSELVES FOR A MOMENT INTO SUPPOSING THAT VICTORY WILL PUT THE WORLD CLOCK BACK TO PRE-WAR TIME. WE DON'T EVEN WANT IT TO DO SO. WE ANTICIPATE A "PEACEFUL REVOLUTION" IN THE MIND OF MAN.

IT is true that we may not yet be in a position to impose terms. For some time to come we shall have to be largely on the defensive.

Even the Premier sees small prospect of our taking the military offensive until some time in 1942.

SURELY THAT IS ALL THE MORE REASON FOR LAUNCHING A PROPAGANDA OFFENSIVE NOW.

Mr. Churchill and his colleagues have missed a great chance to do this by their failure to make a precise reply to Hitler's vague talk of peace.

There is nothing soft about JOHN BULL's attitude in this matter. We retain a wholesome hatred of the enemy in the field. We don't even imagine that anything we might say would influence Hitler and his chieftains in the slightest degree.

BUT A REASONED STATEMENT OF OUR WAR AIMS AND OUR POST-WAR INTENTIONS



The voice of Goebbels is the voice of Ananias.
We should drown it with the voice of Truth

WOULD HAVE A BIG EFFECT UPON ALL HITLER'S ENEMIES.

AND WE KNOW THAT WE NEED TO CONVERT EVERY ONE OF THOSE ENEMIES INTO OUR OWN ACTIVE FRIENDS.

* * *

This is what JOHN BULL would broadcast to the world:

"British people, calling all ordinary people everywhere, wish it to be understood that they want peace as much as anybody. This war is a ghastly waste of human lives and human endeavour. But the Nazis willed it and Britain won't stop until Germany withdraws her troops behind her own frontiers.

"We don't know and we don't care what sort of peace Hitler envisages, but *we* mean to go on fighting until our old friend France is restored to freedom again.

"We don't suppose that the map of Europe can revert exactly to its old frontiers, but we do insist that all free peoples must be given the right to choose their own Governments and live their own lives.

"We will not tolerate the imposition by force on any country of a political and economic system hateful to the people of that country.

"We should be glad if German people chose to revert to a kindlier and more 'human' way of living, but we recognise their right to manage their internal affairs without interference.

"WE not only do not seek to destroy Germany, but also we do not even want to ruin her. We shall not ask for reparations because we know that the victor has never been able to exact payment from the vanquished. And we know, too, that all bankrupt countries must necessarily impoverish their neighbours. Therefore, and in the most generous and loyal spirit, we declare now while we are still fighting, that we intend after the war is over to co-operate with every other country in the endeavour to establish a new and juster world order.

"WE ARE WILLING TO RENOUNCE ALL DOG-IN-THE-MANGER IDEAS.

"WE WANT TO END UNFAIR TRADE RESTRICTIONS AND IDIOTIC CURRENCY CONTROLS. WE ARE READY TO THROW EVERY SOURCE OF SUPPLY OPEN TO ALL COUNTRIES ON HONEST AND EQUAL TERMS.

"WE WANT GENERAL DISARMAMENT AND DON'T INTEND THAT TO APPLY TO OTHERS MORE THAN OURSELVES.

"AND FINALLY, IF WE CAN EVER OBTAIN FROM GERMANY A SATISFACTORY GUARANTEE OF GOOD WILL THAT IS NOT DEPENDENT UPON THE MERE WORD OF A MAN WHO HAS NEVER KEPT ANY TREATY LONGER THAN SERVED HIS PURPOSE, WE ARE READY TO WORK WITH HER AS WELL AS ALL OTHER WELL-MEANING COUNTRIES TO ESTABLISH A SOLID BASIS FOR PERMANENT HAPPINESS AND SECURITY ALL THE WORLD OVER."

JOHN BULL believes implicitly that a clear statement of this sort would do more to spike Hitler's propaganda guns than anything else could possibly do.

Salute to the Home Guards!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY WATCH, IN DRIVING RAIN AND SOAKING MIST IN LONELY SOLITUDES AND BUSY SUBURBS, IN MOONLIGHT AND DARK. THEY ARE THE HEROES OF THE HOME GUARD AND THEY WILL COME OUT OF THIS WAR AS REAL FIGHTING MEN.

By Maurice Fagence

I WAS climbing the South Downs at chill dawn when he saw me and stopped me with his challenge.

He came out of a cauldron of mist to take my identity card. His hand, just touching mine, struck cold as fresh-caught fish.

Yet he was as cheerful as a man on holiday.

"In four hours' time I must be at work," he said, as a tremendous yawn snook him.

"Sorry," he apologised. "I'll be doing that all day. But the boss understands."

Our eyes roved the valley.

Lights began to twinkle in cottage windows. Another black-out finished! A cyclist—a mere pin-point figure—passed along a road.

"Griffin'll get him at the corner," said my acquaintance, easing the rifle-sling on his shoulder. "Unless he turns left at the pond. Then Jack Hayes will see him."

I began to see the great Home Guard army properly for the first time.

There was a network of such roads within our panorama. There was a Joe, a Bill or a Fred serving every one.

There was no dodging them by leaving the road. I had done that in this early morning walk of mine. And a Syd—I found out later over a cup of tea that his name was Syd—had challenged me from the mists.

More than 1,300,000 soldiers of the Home Guard are taking honourable yawns, which their bosses understand, to their factories, offices and workshops—like Syd.

Two hundred thousand are watching over every acre while Britain listens to the midnight bulletin, while Britain sleeps, while Britain pulls its shoes on for another day, as it was doing at that moment.

LET us take a closer look at Syd. In doing so, we are taking a closer look at 1,300,000 fine fellows—for he is very typical.

"Didn't know what the hell to do with myself in the first six months of war," he said. "Too old at forty-four, they told me."

"I've had tin hats dented by shrapnel at Ypres and Hohenzollern Redoubt. Frost-bite at High Wood. Trench feet at Arras. And plugged in the thigh at Festubert. I hadn't even got a missus to defend, then."

"Now there's the missus and five kids to look after they didn't seem to want me to do the job."

"But now me and hundreds of thousands of fellows like me have got our chance."

I asked him whether he thought the Home Guard ought to be paid. After all, they were his own boots.

"No," he barked. "There's not a man in our crowd wants a bean for himself."

"While a man's got the privilege of both serving his country as a soldier and living at home he doesn't want the same treatment as the lad who has had



Vigilance in the cold hours of the dawn is not all that is expected of this army of enthusiastic volunteers. For the time is coming when they may have a tough job to do. But there is no doubt as to the efficiency with which they will accomplish their task.

to give up his home life for the duration.

"Unless," he added, "lack of money keeps a chap back from doing his duty. Where he is unemployed, for instance. We chaps in jobs have got no right to judge the issue for them."

MEETING many Home Guards in the ensuing twenty-four hours, I saw comradeship everywhere. But it was in the country districts such as this that I saw the spirit of eager co-operation at its best.

In the towns—as in the country—you find generals serving side by side with ex-privates—and putting on no airs about it. They have equal status, and ask for no more.

Welwyn (Herts) has a Field-Marshal who volunteered to serve shoulder to shoulder with private soldiers.

That spirit is splendid.

But in the villages that spirit is more abundant than in the towns.

The Home Guards have become the most important institution in each locality.

Everybody wants to give the utmost in service and generosity—in generosity without service where no room can be found for them in the movement.

That open-handedness is not confined to the wealthier members of the Home Guards, or to local squires who can make cash grants to the comforts' funds, or the local gentry who surrender their prized sporting guns and binoculars.

I have seen a village haulier lending his one lorry and taking a busman's holiday driving loads of sand from a neighbouring beach.

I have seen a village carpenter devote his Sunday to carpentering—using his own tools and materials to make target racks for the miniature range.

Down the road the village blacksmith was devoting his time and skill to the task of fitting iron bars to the armoury of the Home Guards' local headquarters.

One Sunday night an urgent call reached that village from the military authorities. Urgent defence work had to be completed before dawn. Where was the labour to be found?

The village turned out to a man headed by the Home Guard.

They turned out with wheelbarrows, crowbars, billhooks, shovels and pickaxes. They went off singing through the night to their self-appointed tasks.

The defence work was completed an hour before dawn. They brushed away the thanks of the Army officers present with that delightful diffidence that belongs to the countryman.

I found everywhere that the Home Guards' spirit has spread like something infectious.

I heard of one country vicar who stays up seven nights a week till the early hours of morning so that he can brew tea for men of the Home Guards, carrying it—rain or fine—to a lonely post a quarter of a mile from his comfortable vicarage.

WHEN tea-rationing came the Home Guards feared for their precious early morning drink.

No doubt the vicar would at least knock off the auxiliary supply of tea which he brought in Thermos flasks, to be consumed some hours after that supplied for immediate consumption.

But no.

It is not even weaker.

And it is just as sweet as ever.

The vicar alone knows the secret.

How many people in that hamlet are regarding their tea ration as 1½ ounces a week instead of two I'll leave you to judge.

I can give you isolated pictures only. They typify what is happening everywhere.

Down in the New Forest the Home Guards use ponies, which nose their way through the trees.

Doors open.

Jugs of tea appear.

On the Yorkshire moors the Guards ride on horseback into the teeth of the east winds that can blow through the thickest overcoat as if it were table linen.

Thirty seconds of true Yorkshire hospitality—it mustn't be more, for vigilance is vigilance—awaits at hundreds of lonely cottages, whatever the hour.

Windsor Castle and other Royal residences have Home Guards for the defence of their own estates, to which such well-known people as Lord Wigram and Colonel Sir George Crichton, former Comptroller for the Household, belong. And their own 3 a.m. cups of tea.

PATROLS, who are always being used as observers, can also be employed as despatch riders.

It is a real army, this Home Guard. It will acquire itself, when the test comes, as well as any of our great volunteer armies of the past.

Vigilance in the cold hours of darkness is not all that is expected of it.

From it is expected the first news of any attempt to invade this country by air.

It will pen in any enemy troops that have landed and hold them until a better equipped army arrives.

It will also furnish guards for the greater security of our cities, factories, aerodromes and other important places.

And it will keep watch for spies and Fifth Columnists from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

So not without reason it is taking over drill halls, canteens and rifle ranges from the "Terriers." Not without reason has it almost made Bisley its own.

They are rattling off shots every day. For the most important duty of the Home Guards is one that cannot be described.

How it is intended to dovetail its activities with those of the Army proper cannot be divulged.

These Home Guards will come out of this war as real fighting men.

Try to remember that in these days when their only medals are yawns—honourable yawns "which the boss understands."

TILL THE DAY BREAKS

TILL the Day breaks and all the Light of Heaven floods out upon the earth in Peace once more, we will lift up our hearts in faith and courage and face the Great Adventure of this War.

WE will stand firm and know that He Won't Fail us, who fail Him not in our deep hours of need, no matter who shall take their stand against us, we will go on and by God's Will succeed.

FOR in His Hands are the bright Keys of Freedom and these He'll give to those whom He can trust, to do His Works and lift the tragic burden which on the World has wickedly been thrust.

SO lift your hearts above this Rim of Sorrow towards the New Light Age where men will Live, freed from this Era of Disaster, for God has Much His followers to Give.

HE Promised that all those who faced up Evil, and kept His Word right to the very end, to them would He Give Power over Nations, the Strength, and the Dominion of a Friend.

AND so we will pursue this Great Endeavour to bring Mankind into a better Sphere, this we have pledged to do, AND WE WILL DO IT, SO LONG AS THERE IS ONE OF US LEFT HERE.

J. M.

OPEN LETTERS

Sack all Muddlers, Mr. Bevin : No Pay for Dunkirk Heroes : Council Bans "Dust-women" : Indict these Dodging Farmers : R.A.F. Should be Told about "Save Scrap" Demand : Wicked Uncles of the Railways

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR.—You must be as tired of reading criticisms of your paymasters as I am of writing them. But criticism must continue until you apply the remedy.

Dunkirk survivors are being paid £s. on account of pay one week, and the next week get nothing because they are supposed to be in debt. Surely by now their records should have been checked up?

Surely, as I have suggested before, intelligent typists would make a better job of the Army books than many of your records and pay officers?—JOHN BULL.

Sir W. JENKINS, M.P.,
Glamorgan Education Committee

DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—Let other authorities imitate your impatience and parents would be spared a wicked worry.

Let them repeat your threat to Whitehall that unless A.R.P. plans for schools are passed within a week you'll carry out the work on your own responsibility—and I shall see the end of a scandal that I have often attacked.

Let Whitehall itself adopt your motto, "These are days of action, so we'll have action." And the war will be won more quickly.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDANT,
Civil Nursing Reserve

DEAR MADAM.—Your organisation seems as full of holes as a colander.

A Coventry reader, answering your urgent appeal for volunteers, filled in an application form two months ago. But she has had no answer. Yet she is

a trained fever and general nurse, and I have heard many similar complaints.

If you still want 30,000 recruits, this is most emphatically not the way to get them.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal LORD MILNE,
Pioneer Corps

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL.—Your men have done magnificent work without grumbling. They proved in France that they could not only dig but also fight against heavy odds. All the more reason, then, for you to investigate this complaint from an ex-miner used to hardship.

Food is scanty, he says. The men live under canvas without boards or ground-sheets. Although they get wet through at trench-digging, they have no change of clothes and must sleep in their wet uniforms.

Such conditions can only be local. But I hope you'll soon remedy them.—JOHN BULL.

Miss NORAH BLANEY,
Bradford

DEAR MISS BLANEY.—Ridiculous that the Baildon Urban Council has stopped you from driving a dust-cart because it isn't considered "quite nice" for a woman!

Yet I'm glad you intend to find some other useful war work. You might dust the cobwebby minds of the councillors!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR.—While you are appealing for more farm-workers, men who have spent all their life on the land are being

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR.—No effort you demand from British workers will be refused. They will give of their best, eagerly and unstintingly.

I can honestly say that, in all the thousands of letters sent to me, not one criticises your policy. Indeed, most plead for even more sweeping regulations.

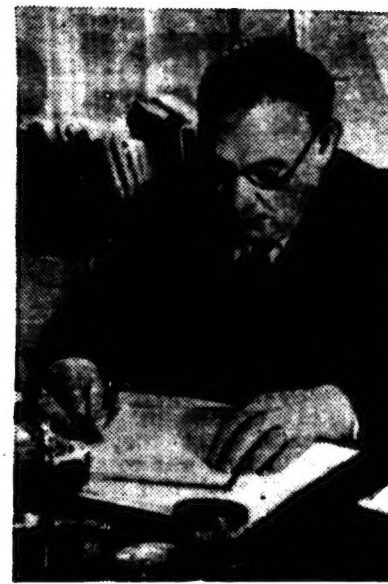
They tell me of women aged thirty-five and forty who are curtly told by employment exchanges that they are "too old" for war work.

Yet you are plainly determined to mobilise all fit women. You will not, I am sure, allow the exchanges to crab your scheme. Sack any man who fails to co-operate!

Other readers, knowing that I helped to get idle miners back into valuable war work, urge me to see that cotton operatives are taken off the "dole"; I cannot believe that you will be satisfied until all are busy again.

But there are lesser evils that may have escaped your notice. Young unemployed men who registered months ago but have not yet been called up for military service are having their "dole" stopped, merely because they have been workless for six months!

That anomaly must be removed—and speedily.



Here is another: Men who are due to register are being sacked by unscrupulous employers. Appealing to the employment exchanges, they are told that they have no hope of getting temporary jobs.

Believe me, your resolute decrees are needed in a score of ways if British labour is to be made 100 per cent. effective. Millions of people have yet to contribute their energy to the common cause.—JOHN BULL.

sacked because farmers won't pay the new minimum wages.

Others are having their cottage rents doubled.

You can't be too ruthless with farmers who obstruct your efforts to bring prosperity and contentment to the countryside.—JOHN BULL.

Air Marshal Sir C. COURTNEY,
Air Member for Supply

DEAR SIR.—Remind your prodigal underlings of Mr. Morrison's "Save Scrap" demand.

At one aerodrome are more than 5,000 empty five-gallon paint drums.

Waste paper is carted daily to a refuse pit.

It isn't only by downing Nazi aircraft that the R.A.F. can help Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Major-Gen. G. SZLUMPER,
Army Transport Director

DEAR GENERAL.—Criticism of the railways should be revived by this latest example of their meanness.

The L.M.S. has issued an instruction to its staff that towels should be placed only in the first-class lavatories of troop trains, although I dare say the directors have no objection to "common soldiers" fighting for them.

You're not going to tolerate this snub to the Army, are you?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Bucks. County Council

GENTLEMEN.—How in the name of Scrooge you expect your roadmen to keep families on their pay of 42s. a week leaves me completely baffled.

I am even more perplexed by your paying them by cheque once a fortnight—and after it is due.

Local councils in your area pay 55s. a week, which certainly shows more appreciation of dearer-living costs than you appear to possess.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Hastings

YOUR WORSHIPS.—Do you think that it really adds to the safety of the realm to send Everard Boag to jail for a month?

He has had long Army service, but lately has been on tramp and a familiar figure in Hastings for many months. When you sentenced him for entering a Defence Area he said he thought it "a little unjust."

So do I.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. R. FRASER,
Dept. of Health for Scotland

DEAR SIR.—Air Ministry tenants in the Shetlands have been ordered to quit because their houses are wanted by the military.

The local council will not help them to find accommodation, although houses built for slum clearance are standing empty, and they cannot sleep in the open because of the curfew.

Hadn't you better intervene?—JOHN BULL.

More Red Tape Entanglement

DESPITE the valiant efforts of recently appointed Cabinet Ministers to free their departments from red tape entanglements, there is still a fear that their useful war time legislations will be hamstrung before they even come to life.

And they must go on using their hatchets pretty vigorously if the ordinary people are to enjoy the benefits of those regulations created solely to help them.

Red tape is to "John Bull" what a red rag is to the farmer's most ferocious bull. And you must admit that there is every reason for anger in some of the anomalies with which we are confronted every day.

These irregularities arise not through the fault of any particular department, but through lack of co-operation. Everybody seems willing to help, but the red tape with which he must struggle becomes so confusing that in time he sits back and lets the inevitable happen.

You know the sort of thing we mean. The man across the road complains that even though he is married and has four children he has been called for his service medical examination before the single man next door who registered months earlier.

The film cameraman, famed in his profession for his first-class craftsmanship, is told on being appointed to the Navy as an official photographer, that he must spend six months at a dockyard school learning the art of photography from a man who has never handled a cameraman's difficult assignment in his life.

The Food Ministry's "Milk for Mothers and Children" scheme was such a good idea that it seemed too good to be true. And it was.

Its history up to now has been a succession of desperate efforts to prevent chaos.

When it was announced that applications should be made at local Food Offices, eager members of the public found that local officials had no application forms.

Despite that, it was again announced that the scheme would come into force at the beginning of July—or "as soon as possible after that," to quote the rather vague wording of the official announcement.

Yet even then there was more delay. There were not sufficient permit forms in existence.

And so another excellent scheme was born in the midst of muddle, hampered by red tape from the beginning.

For months a London firm has been fighting against an order to send shell castings by rail instead of road.

Protests that the transport of shells by rail involved more labour and took two days instead of twelve hours, factory to factory, were ignored.

So the firm is having to use rail transport, spending £3,500 more than it did when using only the road.

A Midlands firm was asked to complete a "home defence" rush job in the shortest possible time. The order was completed in two days, but after ten days the local petroleum officer was still unable to decide how much petrol he could spare to have the goods conveyed to the coast. In the end they went by rail.

You can understand Home Guards feeling angry when their applications for tin hats cannot be met because another detachment has been accidentally supplied with a hundred more than they needed.

You can understand the men of the fishing industry still feeling disgruntled because of the great Fish Control Scheme that was such a failure it had to be scrapped. And you would think that such examples of muddle would be a lesson to all Government officials.

But not red tape likely!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Fate

LANDLORDS BADGER SOLDIERS' WIVES

MANY landlords have an unenviable reputation. Traditionally, they appear as the wicked uncles in many domestic dramas. Yet they are doing nothing in this war to show that they are not such bad fellows after all.

It is, indeed, a sad reflection on their patriotism that at a time such as this I have not only to rebuke some of them for their mercenary hounding of already troubled soldiers' wives, but also insist that Whitehall's embarrassed officials must put a stop to their machinations.

It is not enough merely to create the War Service Grants Commission. You might as well expect a mass of three-ply wood and canvas to take to the air on its own volition. Motive power is necessary: a guiding hand is essential.

But officials in Whitehall are apparently quite content merely to sit admiring the legislation they have created to protect the soldiers' homes.

Unscrupulous Men

It's about time somebody prodded those responsible with the pointed fact that thousands of soldiers' wives are being harassed by landlords, who are completely ignoring their inability to pay higher rents on Army allowances.

The War Service Grants Advisory Committee was created to see justice done, but it has failed most dismally to lift the burden of worry from many lonely shoulders.

Already the plight of soldiers' wives who have been forced to pay high rents for municipal houses has been brought to the attention of the Minister of Health. Nothing has been done about it.

These wives, whose husbands were earning good wages in civil life, cannot pay rents ranging from 15s. to £1 a week on Army allowances.

Cheaper accommodation is not always available.

Too often a serving soldier learns that his family is in danger of being turned into the street because his wife cannot pay the rent.

No Allowances

Listen to a man serving with the Royal Engineers.

"My wife gets an allowance of £1 16s. a week for herself and three children," he says.

"The rent is 19s. 1d. a week. How can the home be kept going on what is left?"

It is useless for learned judges to say, as one did in this instance, "I am sure you can get increased allowances."

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. E. R. BISHOP, of Rosslyn Road, Barking, Essex, receives this week's Public Benefactor's Guinea for bringing to my notice several instances of injustice that obviously call for investigation. His latest information is of the greatest interest. If you know of any scandal that needs exposing, **WRITE TO ME ABOUT IT**, marking your envelope "Public Benefactor"

This man had applied, but he received no satisfaction.

Another North Country soldier writes: "My wife receives £2 a week in allowances."

"I earned £5 a week in civil life and we lived comfortably. Now my wife cannot pay the rent and live decently—and she is in danger of being turned into the street."

Picture the plight of a Twickenham soldier's wife.

She receives thirty-three shillings a week from the Army for herself and three children. Her rent is 22s.

Eleven shillings on which to keep her family!

They have applied in vain for special assistance!

Constant Fear

All the time the fear of eviction hangs over the heads of these helpless soldiers' wives. As though there is not already enough for them to worry about. They dread the knock on the front door heralding the rent collector's arrival.

Some judges are reluctant to grant possession orders in such circumstances, but the threat remains.

In one case a Housing Committee actually threatened to evict the wives of soldiers because of rent arrears.

I hope these notices were ignored.

From the Midlands comes another typical cry of misery.

A soldier's wife, threatened with eviction, has an Army allowance of 26s. a week for herself and two children. She pays 15s. a week rent.

Small wonder that many such women are in arrears with their rent.

And the sooner Whitehall realises their plight, the better for the nation.

The War Service Grants Commission should not be allowed to become merely another bucket of whitewash.

Increased rents are still levied under the threat of eviction.

Too often the soldier's wife is ignorant of the law and, when threatened with eviction, pays the increase for fear of being turned into the street.

And how the rents have climbed!

Rents Increased

At one housing estate, rents have been increased within a few years from 6s. a week to 14s.

A cottage near Birmingham, rented a few years ago at 3s. a week, is now let at 8s. 6d. a week. Successive increases have been gained by the threat of eviction.

Often the farm labourer is threatened with the loss of his job unless he pays more rent.

A tenant who suspects that his landlord is overcharging him should enquire of his local authority as to the rent properly chargeable in his case and if he is paying too much, two years' overpayments can be recovered.

Frequently the unscrupulous landlord will illegally sue the wife of a serving soldier.

Happily some judges are eager to defend such women in such circumstances.

A Staunch Champion

Mr. Registrar Friend is a staunch champion.

"You must not treat soldiers' wives in this way," he said recently to a landlord's agent.

"Why are you suing married women and not their husbands?"

Too many wives in all parts of the country are being harassed about rent problems by relentless rent collectors and agents.

They don't realise that rents were stabilised at the outbreak of war, and cannot be increased except in special instances because of rates increases and major improvements, but not for repairs. These restrictions, however, do not apply to council houses.

A tenant whose financial position has been affected by the war and who finds it impossible to keep up the payments should offer to pay what he can. If the tenancy commenced before the war, the landlord cannot distrain or enforce judgment against the tenant without the leave of the court, and if the tenant can show that his inability to pay is due to the war, the court has a discretion to grant relief.

Yet the unscrupulous landlord is always demanding more, ignoring even the spirit of the law.

Indignant Judges

Sometimes county court judges make very strong comments.

In one case which came before a Northern Court, where application was made for an ejection order against a soldier's wife and children, the judge said he would not even consider turning them out into the street.

The proceedings ended, as many others have done, with no Order being made. The grounds of the defence were genuine, of course.

Whitehall must also adopt this attitude to the great rent scandal.

The legislation now in force deals with only part of the problem.

Something more must be done if soldiers' wives are to have the peace of mind they deserve.

Touring Quack in Wales

Notorious Man Pays Up

Dusky Rogue's Swan Song

PROFESSING to cure persons stricken with diseases that have baffled qualified medical men, there is a man, calling himself "S. Canning," now touring Wales, making quite a good living out of his ability to fool some of the people some of the time.

This suave "Healer" persuaded a woman of Pontypridd to pay him an initial fee of two guineas for prolonged treatment. But all she received was a packet or so of herbs.

Canning has no medical qualifications, and those who have fallen for his blandishments discover that he is nothing but a dangerous quack, eager to collect his "initial fee" and send the rest of his "treatments" by post.

NOT all these charlatans escape with their trickery. The "King of Quacks," who tours the country in search of dupes, using such names as Arthur Lewis Dennis, Baxter, Berry, Ferrie and McKenzie, has at last met his match.

Lewis probably thought he had stumbled on a good thing when a woman paid him five guineas for his so-called treatment, and he eventually left her to discover that, not only did his pills seem to make her worse, but also that after taking them her body seemed "constricted."

But when she wrote to Lewis saying she was going to have his pills analysed, her five guineas came back by return of post. I have been indicting this man for years, and I wish more of his victims would deal with him as shrewdly as this invalid woman.

IF a talkative salesman calls at your door, and tells you in grave tones how necessary it is for you to have a stirrup pump for use in air raids, don't give him any money until you are certain about his credentials.

Several crooks have taken deposits from housewives towards purchase cost of stirrup pumps which fail to arrive once the salesman has left with the cash.

Many cases have lately been brought to the notice of the police about "firms" which upon enquiry are found to be non-existent.

JAMES PETTER, arch-villain behind a £200,000 mushroom growing ramp, is still hiding in South America while his partners in crime languish in jail.

I mention this because so many persons have written asking about the possibility of his being brought back. Although the Public Prosecutor has procured warrants, indicting him on many counts, extradition proceedings are now so difficult that he will be left alone until the war ends. He may return voluntarily!

RENE Nelson Ramage Miles, who was born in Singapore fifty years ago, has not been so lucky. I am glad to say. His remarkably successful career of crime has at last received a set back. The majority of his victims have been women, and as long ago as December, 1935, I devoted a page to his frauds.

Mr. Justice Oliver denounced him, a few days ago at Lewes Assizes (in the name of "Rene Matthews"), as a plausible rogue and sent him to penal servitude for four years.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

WIDOW of an Army veteran, who served with the Royal Engineers in the last war, Mrs. Whitehand is now living in abject poverty, struggling in vain to remain a self-supporting member of society.

If you could only hear the details of her troubles you would agree with the family doctor when he assures JOHN BULL that this Yorkshire widow really deserves assistance.

For fourteen years she has done her utmost to make ends meet.

Mrs. Whitehand has to maintain a grown-up son, who is so stricken with heart disease that he cannot undertake any work. And her eldest son earns so



little he cannot give any assistance from his scanty earnings.

Please help this bewildered woman to regain her confidence.

Donations should be earmarked "Yorkshire" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute under pseudonyms.

Administration expenses—all are borne by JOHN BULL.

The R.A.F.'s Own Navy

LIFEBOATS OF THE R.A.F., THIS HIGH-SPEED ARMADA OF LAUNCHES AND TENDERS TRAVELS FOUR TIMES AS FAST AS ANY OTHER LIFE-SAVING SERVICE AND BRISTLES WITH DEFENSIVE ARMAMENT

ANYWHERE along Britain's 4,000 miles of coastline you may see the little ships of our Other Silent Service. An unknown Navy—but every airman knows all about it, for it is the R.A.F.'s own fleet.

Its primary purpose is to service our sea-borne aircraft; its second, to save life. But it does a multitude of other jobs equally well.

High-speed launches, pinnaces, seaplane tenders, flying-boat refuellers, bomb scows, trawler and drifter auxiliaries, armoured target motor boats, mooring boats, fast dinghies and hundreds of other swift-moving craft, all these are included in the Coastal Command's sea force. It even has its own floating dock.

Of this varied armada, the high-speed launches provide the high spots of hazardous rescue adventures. They are the lifeboats of the R.A.F.—but they travel four times as fast as an ordinary lifeboat and bristle with defensive armament.

Only sixty-four feet long, with three aero-engines of 500 h.p. each, they streak along at a top speed of forty knots or cruise at thirty-two.

With a range of over 500 miles, they can go "all out" for twelve hours without refuelling.

Their crew of ten, under a skipper who holds the Board of Trade's Master's ticket and usually ranks as a flying officer, consists of two first-class coxswains, three deck hands, two engineers, and two wireless operators.

Their boat proudly flies the Air Force Ensign.

From one of our craft or a near-by vessel a message is flashed to Coastal Command that some airman are down in the sea. The signal goes out to the high-speed

launch nearest the scene and the mission of mercy begins, fair weather or foul.

Many of our airmen's lives are saved in this way. Rescues of Germans are still more numerous—so many Nazi planes being shot down!

People wonder why our launch-men, sometimes in perilous weather conditions and at the risk of their own lives, should worry about hostile airmen.

The answer comes from Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill—the hardhitting, red-haired demon-eyebrowed little man who is Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command, and the god of every man under him.

Sailor, as well as pre-last-war airman, he believes in showing chivalry to the enemy. "If your enemy is brought down in fair fight, and it is within your resources to save him, you must do so."

As I sat in the mess at headquarters of Coastal Command, report came through of the second rescue within forty-eight hours of enemy airmen, six prisoners in all.

A launch, after battling with a gale and mountainous seas for twenty-four hours, had just brought to safety two of the crew of a shot-down Heinkel, a third being dead and a fourth lost.

The survivors, with their dead comrade, had drifted and tossed for hours in their rubber dinghy, and were eventually found at dusk in rain and mist, too late to be landed that night at a blacked-out port.

The launch-men gave their own rum to the survivors, made them tea, supplied them with dry clothing.

Exhausted, the Germans fell asleep, while the small craft anchored, till they could be safely landed.

NEXT to the mercy-boats come the maids-of-all-work of the R.A.F.'s Navy—the pinnaces. They have a crew of five, and with three Diesel engines totalling 300 h.p. travel at thirteen knots.

They lay out flare-paths on the water at night so that flying-boats can see to take off or come down, carry stores by water, recover torpedoes fired by aircraft at practice on the coastal ranges, and supplement the rescue work of the launches.

One pinnace recently went out to search for an aircraft, forced down in the near Arctic, after a trawler had failed to find it.

For five days a gale raged. No word came from the pinnace. All at her station agreed: "Couldn't live through it. Bound to be lost."

Then she arrived home.

She had found the aircraft, saved the crew, afterwards sat at anchor and rode the storm. But she couldn't communicate. Her wireless had been blown to wreckage.

The seaplane tenders, or "crash" boats, of the R.A.F.'s Navy are used for harbour emergency work.

They stand by for planes liable to be forced down at practice over bombing ranges, and often co-operate with local lifeboats when ships are wrecked by storm or enemy action.

These tenders, like the launches, did magnificent work at Dunkirk, helping in the evacuation with Coastal Command aircraft. One crew and two tenders never came back. Three others were badly damaged.

The launches were fast enough to make the journey to and from the Kent shore and Dunkirk almost every hour.

One, after picking up B.E.F. evacuees, found a bombed French boat drifting and containing wounded men on stretchers. Then it rescued French soldiers and marines from rowing-boats and rafts, took the whole lot in tow—men and craft—and landed them at Ramsgate.

THE R.A.F.'s flying-boat refuellers are used for filling up flying-boats immediately they return from patrol, so that they are ever at the "ready."

The bomb scows—flat-bottomed steel shells—have bombs hoist from them into the flying-boat.

Armoured target motor-boats, protected by three and a half tons of armour, with their crash-helmeted crews of three, race at twenty knots over target practice areas and are bombed by aircraft with small but real bombs.

Several other types go to complete this extraordinary Air Navy.

Steam-driven trawler and drifter auxiliaries, which retrieve torpedoes from aircraft practising.

Mooring boats that have an immense job going round the coast to maintain mooring sites for flying-boats. Fast dinghies to provide communication between shore and aircraft at every flying-boat station.

So, when you read of Coastal Command's flying patrols that guard 4,000 miles of our coastline, that keep watch from Iceland to Gibraltar, that bomb the enemy relentlessly at sea and on his coasts, remember also the little boats that help to make all this possible—the airmen's own fleet, Britain's Other Navy!

C. B.

While the R.A.F. tender streaks along at forty knots, its Air Force Ensign flying proudly at the stern, the gunner scans the sights of his Lewis gun, prepares to show that his boat is formidable as well as fast.

SPOT-LIGHT ON SUEZ

Ferocious spot-light of war is now revealing a drama that is being staged at the eastern end of the Mediterranean

By **RAYMOND GEORGE**

CENTRAL character of the Mediterranean drama is neither man nor nation. It is a canal, a strip of water a hundred miles long, a hundred and forty-seven feet wide, straddled by locks and guarded with more care than any Crown jewels.

It is the £20,000,000 key that turned the Mediterranean from an inland lake into a highway of trade for the British Empire. And it is more coveted by world rulers than many a strip of country ten times its size.

With the capitulation of the Pétain Government, Hitler greedily reached out for the large capital reserve of the Suez Canal Company, which had headquarters in Paris.

In the Hands of Allies

He cannot control the manipulation of the canal, or claim its revenue. That hundred-mile strip of water is still in the hands of the Allies.

But it is obvious that he will try to realise on the foreign securities held by the Suez Canal Company, and a strict watch is being kept on stock exchanges in all neutral countries to prevent the transfer of any of the company's reserves, directly or indirectly, for the benefit of the Nazis.

But the other wicked uncle wants something more.

Since the days when the war in Abyssinia caused Mussolini to pay so much in traffic dues that the company registered its peak financial year, Il Duce has been bitterly demanding that Italy should be represented on the company's board.

He has made superhuman efforts to gain financial interests in the canal, and it was said that a share of the management of the canal was one of the few things that might have kept him from publicly declaring that the Italians were willing to fight for the Nazi cause to the last German.

Even though his brother Dictator, now holding the Parisian financial headquarters of the company, may soon declare that Italy and Germany have acquired the vital French shares, he is still no nearer fulfilling his desire.

British Responsibility

The civil administration of the canal, as distinct from the financial administration in Paris, is in Egypt. Headed by a Frenchman, the Baron de Benoist, it is composed of a large staff of French officials.

Since the capitulation of Marshal Pétain, relations between the Baron de Benoist and the British military authorities in Egypt have been friendly, and there is no reason to foresee any friction in the Egyptian management of the canal.

The military security of the canal is the primary concern of the British Government.

Under the Treaty of Alliance between Britain and Egypt, Britain guarantees to protect the canal from any foreign aggression.

Modern Defences

Anti-aircraft and anti-submarine defences of the canal, and of its entrances at Suez and Port Said, have been enormously strengthened, and the Royal Air Force squadrons stationed in Egypt unceasingly patrol the waterway.

Obviously, the canal is not immune from attack.

Even in peace time unceasing efforts are required by engineers and large staffs of Maltese, Greeks, Arabs and Egyptians to

repair the banks, dredge the fairway, and prevent the canal from silting.

A few heavy bombs well placed, or the sinking of an ostentatiously neutral ship laden with cement, would block the canal for months.

The British Navy's guard on both ends of the canal, and its vigilant search of the contents of every vessel entering it, show the importance attached to the free passage of this waterway by the Government.

When Disraeli borrowed the money from the Rothschilds to buy out the Khedive's shares in the canal, which was completed in 1869, he made a bigger Imperial investment than he imagined.

He created a road from Britain to India, Australia and the Far East.

Transformation

He transformed Egypt from a half-ruined colony of the Sultans of Turkey into a rich and important country of great importance to Britain.

He also gave Britain the largest single holding, though not a majority holding, in the stock of a company which in other hands might have proved an obstacle to the free development of the great new waterway.

In the days of the Entente Cordiale, both the financial and civil administration of the company were for all practical purposes in a single hand.

Until the collapse of France the board consisted of thirty-two directors: nineteen French, ten British, two Egyptian and one Dutch.

Before the war of 1914-1918 Germany was represented on the board, but under the Treaty of Versailles the small German holding in the company was surrendered.

The nineteen French seats and the one Dutch seat on the board must now be regarded as occupied by Germany.

Thus the stage is set for the Drama of the Suez—1940 version.

America Sees the Re

The shadow of the Swastika is over the United States as it is over Europe. So Congress is voting the expenditure of thousands of millions for defence, and 1,500,000 men are to be called up for training.

By A. G. GARDINER

NO one who read President Roosevelt's noble speech of acceptance can question where he stands in this great hour.

"We face one of the great choices of history," he said. "It is not alone the choice of freedom versus slavery. . . . It is the continuance of civilisation versus the ultimate destruction of all that we have held dear; religion against godlessness; justice against force; moral law against the firing squad; courage to speak and act against the false lullaby of appeasement."

Well, America has now chosen two candidates for the Presidency.

It has chosen them by unanimous votes.

It has chosen them because it fears Hitler and because both candidates share that fear and have undertaken to save their country from its imminent peril.

How imminent that peril is they know. In four short months they have seen the barbarians lay waste half of Europe.

The swastika waves over Vienna, over Prague, over Warsaw, over Oslo, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Brussels, even over Paris.

Rome is its open ally, and to-morrow Madrid and the Balkans may, in sheer helplessness, be enslaved with the rest.

Nothing stands between Hitler and his complete subjection of Europe but Britain and its Navy.

Let them fail and that Christian civilisation which so many Americans reverence will have perished from the face of Europe.

And what then? The terror which has destroyed this continent will turn on theirs.

For the German lust of conquest which Hitler embodies aims at nothing less than the lordship of the earth.

"It will be time to talk of peace," he has said, "when one man is master of the world to dictate peace."

America's fate is irrevocably linked with ours. It has to face the terrific possibilities of to-morrow as we are facing those of to-day.

If the British Navy should fail, as the Maginot Line has failed, the last defence of America's "isolation" will be gone.

The Atlantic will then be no shield for her security.

WITH the command of the sea added to the might of his military power, Hitler would hold the whole of the American continent at ransom.

The South American republics, rotted within by his intrigues, would fall helplessly into his orbit.

He would be established in the West Indies.

Iceland and Greenland and Newfoundland would be like pistols pointed at the heart alike of Canada and the United States.

America would have to fight for its existence as a free and independent nation, and it would have to fight, as we are fighting to-day, alone.

President Roosevelt knows this. Even the Isolationists know this. For what other



"The Americas are endangered by the tragic conflagration sweeping through the world," says Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State

reason have the Democrats chosen Mr. Roosevelt and the Republicans chosen Mr. Willkie to contest the Presidency?

They have chosen them both because they are both equally the declared enemies of Hitler.

They have chosen them to save their continent from the Nazi terror that has devastated Europe.

They have chosen them because the shadow of the swastika is over America as it is over Britain.

For what other reason is Congress voting without a murmur the expenditure of thousands of millions for defence?

For what other reason is it authorising the doubling and trebling of its Navy, the construction of tens of thousands of aeroplanes, the introduction of universal service?

For what other reason has it called the Pan-American Conference to safeguard the security of the American continent?

The enemy whom America is preparing with such desperation to meet to-morrow is the enemy we are fighting to-day.

Why then, I ask, is the country waiting?

The only intelligible reply is that the American people are convinced that the British Navy will keep the war on this side of the Atlantic.

For more than a century the Monroe Doctrine has rested on the British Fleet. Without that guarantee American freedom from external challenge could never have been secure.

It is our sea power which has been the basis of America's "isolation."

It is that power on which the United States is reckoning to-day.

I BELIEVE IT WILL NOT RECKON IN VAIN. I BELIEVE THAT EVEN IF WE ARE LEFT TO WAGE THIS STRUGGLE ALONE TO THE END WE SHALL EMERGE VICTORIOUS.

But what a risk America is taking in gambling on our survival!

If we do not survive what will be the value of all their preparations?

The power of the United States is immense, but it is not realised power.

It will take years for the country to be ready to fight alone.

And Hitler is not the man to wait while they are getting ready.

Let him once be master of the Atlantic and the Monroe Doctrine will be as dead as a herring. And the United States will be fortunate in that event if it is not caught between the pincers of Germany from the Atlantic and Japan from the Pacific.

If the United States is to save itself from the fate of Europe, the time to fight is now, and the enemy to fight is here.

MR. ROOSEVELT, of course, knows the urgency of action now. He knows how different the situation in Europe would have been to-day had the mightiest democracy in the world thrown in its lot at the start with the great cause which he so eloquently championed in speech.

He knows, too, how much Hitler has based his calculations on the Presidential election keeping that great New World democracy quiet until he has destroyed democracy in Europe.

Mr. Roosevelt, I repeat, knows all this.

And his opponent knows it equally.

On the vast issue that transcends all America's domestic disagreements there is no difference between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie.

BOTH REALISE THAT IF CIVILISATION IS TO BE SAVED ANYWHERE, IN AMERICA AS MUCH AS IN EUROPE, THE HIDEOUS NAZI GOSPEL OF VIOLENCE AND CONQUEST MUST BE DESTROYED.

It is this fact which encourages the hope that both will take joint action now to avert the calamity that threatens their country, our country, and all countries alike.

Why should they not agree to give their people a common lead in "this rugged and awful crisis"?

They have the clear title to do so. They have been chosen by the unanimous vote of their electorates, and they have been chosen in the full knowledge of their implacable hatred of Hitlerism.

There could be no better democratic claim to the exercise of leadership.

IT WOULD SEND A THRILL OF HOPE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AND NOT LEAST OF ALL THROUGHOUT AMERICA, IF IT WERE KNOWN THAT THE RIVAL CANDIDATES HAD AGREED ON A COMMON POLICY ON THE ONE THING THAT MATTERS, HAD ARRANGED EACH TO SERVE UNDER WHOEVER WAS VICTORIOUS, AND HAD PRESENTED A JOINT MANIFESTO TO THE NATION NOW ON THE INSTANT DUTY OF ACTION.

Such a breath of Lincoln's America—the America that sacrificed everything to the

Light

of freedom—would change the whole of the struggle.

Its moral effect would be shattering, for it would mean that the ultimate defeat of the enemy was inescapable.

The material effect would be no less. It would be operative in many ways.

The strain upon our naval resources would be relieved.

Any fears about our mercantile marine would be removed.

We should have all the armaments out of America at our immediate command.

The terrific financial stress would be relieved.

CONCLUDING, I would recall some lines with which Mr. Roosevelt has doubtless been familiar all his life.

They were written by another famous American in the presence of another great man.

To every man and nation comes the moment to decide

in the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

the great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,

and the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Such a choice, as Mr. Roosevelt has said, before his great nation to-day.

The destiny of mankind is in its hands. We inspire it to decide wisely and swiftly in that darkness and that light."

ARGUE IT OUT

TRAITORS ARE BLIND

BY PALLAS

ONE of the most deplorable things that have arisen out of the war is the almost incredible growth of treachery.

The very word itself has a vile sound. There is something sinister, almost obscene, about it.

To the average Briton the thought of betraying this green and pleasant land to a regime of bullying and slavery is hardly possible as a thought, let alone a possible action.

* * *

It is difficult to understand the state of mind of those numbers of people in Norway, Holland, France and Belgium who played a part in plotting the ruin of their native land.

So widespread was this treachery that Britain had to take drastic action to stamp out any possible subversive movement directed against the safety and the strength of the State.

There was some, but not a great deal, of treachery in the last war.

How can we explain the growth in numbers of these traitors who surrender the citadels of their nations and yield with a fiendish pleasure their heritage of freedom?

The Quislings and such-like yellow breeds will present to historians of this war a profound psychological study.

Why do they betray the country which has sheltered them, reared them? Money is not the reason. Bribery alone is not enough.

* * *

It seems to me that between terrorism and mesmerism is no big gap. The mesmerism of the Nazi fanatic explains to some extent the spreading across Europe of the Nazi doctrine of might and conquest.

Once mesmerised by the stupid arrogance of the Nazi fanatics the traitors are blind to all conceptions of honour, of racial obligations, of decency.

They cease to think normally. Their minds are poisoned by the infection of Totalitarianism, and their mental processes are tortuous and ill-defined.

In other words, the Quislings have fallen victims to the mental corruption of a false and evil Nazidom.

How evil must it be when it can so seduce a man's honour that he does not hesitate to deliver into the hands of the oppressor the land that bred him!

How false must such a doctrine be when it splits homes, rends parents from their sons, and plunges millions of innocent people into suffering and want!

The democratic mind can only vaguely feel what Nazidom stands for.

It cannot conceive the blindness of the doctrine or the stupidity of an argument that declares force to be the final arbiter.

But it can conceive that in some strange way Adolf Hitler incanted the virus of his half-baked doctrine into millions of Germans.

* * *

More than that, the poison began to spread beyond the confines of Germany, and soon it was reacting in various parts of the world.

Nazidom became more than a national movement.

It became a symbol of treachery and of relentless might, of oppression and of persecution.

And the traitors followed blindly in the wake of the arch-destroyer, adding to the story of bloody betrayal and double-dealing.

And with the corruption of the spirit comes the mental rot, the death of the finer things that go to lift man above the beast and that shine from his soul.

The Nazi machine creates its monsters by stifling, nay, destroying all that a man can hold dear—his love of humanity, his desire to live in honour and in peace.

We are fighting that terrible corruption just as much as we are fighting mechanised might.

When we have swept it off the face of the earth and the peoples live again in ways of peace and pleasantness, Nazidom will be just a phase, expressive of the most terrible experiment in world history.

EMPIRE'S GUNNER NO. 1

Keen-eyed, sharp-featured, dead-shot General Sir Alan Brooke, taking command of the Army stationed within Britain's fortified shores, will have a chance to fulfil the prophecy that the Napoleon of the future will be either a Gunner or an Airman

By Hannen Swaffer



"... looks much more the business man"

ONE day we shall be told the real reason why General Sir Alan Brooke, promoted from the Southern Command, is now Commander-in-Chief of the Home

Edward Ironside, brought from India to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, had Sir Alan's job for a few days, and was then made a Field-Marshal. "Why is it?" people have asked.

It would be going too far merely to conjecture that Ironside had failed. He had even been tested in the Home

Command.

Ironside was too old.

He was only 57, while Brooke was two years younger.

The official reason given is that—"Now we are an island fortress, the centre, and really, the temporary battlefield, our fortresses must be commanded by a man who had practical experience of fighting in France."

in Trawler

was, more than anyone, responsible for the organisation of the retreat at

though it was, the retreat ranks the greatest glories in the annals of the British Army.

came home in a trawler that was the last ships to leave the bombarded beach.

his French and Belgian money crew, he told them what exchange should get, and added, "If you don't write to me, at the War Office, and what I can."

Then it was said that Brooke was chosen for the Home Command because he was a gunner. Always before, either infantrymen or cavalry generals have been picked to guide the British Army's battle tactics.

Now, it is realised, the Napoleon of the future will be either an airman or a gunner.

Called "the Wizard"

So great was Brooke's knowledge of batteries and high-angle fire in the last war, that he was called "The Wizard."

He invented the barrage map, which made it possible to put up an advancing wall of fire in front of your infantry. This we might have to use again before long.

Still, not even success in that made Brooke want to go on fighting the same sort of war. He forgot it—and became the Army's biggest revolutionary in mechanisation.

He was the first man to say, "Away with the horses—to the last horse."

Other generals were horrified.

"But you must have horses," they said.

"No more than you must have Roman chariots," he replied.

"But officers must have chargers," some of them argued.

They are still arguing for chargers. But Brooke will see that they won't get them, unless war changes considerably once more.

Even now our cavalry officers are being told to learn how to ride a motor-bicycle.

Brooke, who got his commission in 1912, represents the first break-away from the Boer War, which, without doubt, produced a Boer War mentality.

He is one of the Northern Ireland family

of "fighting Brookes"—or the fighting Brookeses, as the Ulsterman says.

When he left for France, a few months ago, he called his staff together.

"Don't forget anything you have read in your text books," he said. "But don't let the text books make you forget how to think for yourselves."

I don't suppose that anything has been taught at Camberley Staff College that Hitler's generals don't know all about.

They know exactly what British officers have been taught to do in certain circumstances.

But when they think for themselves the Nazis start wondering.

Before the war, Sir Alan had the News given to his officers in strong weekly doses. Many old-fashioned generals regard the News as something that afflicts common civilians, like measles.

He is a Crack Shot

Keen-eyed, sharp-featured, with clipped black moustache and horn-rimmed glasses, Brooke looks much the business man.

He won D.S.O. and bar in the last war, and was six times mentioned in despatches.

He is a crack shot.

Because of that, the Ministry of Information, issuing a blurb about him, painted him as a huntin', shootin' playboy when he went to France, and not as a soldier.

The blurb was one long recital of his huntin', shootin' success.

"He is one of the few men who can claim to have ridden down and speared a wolf from horseback," was one of the Ministry of Information's silly phrases.

An unimportant part of the blurb mentioned that he had commanded the School

of Artillery, had been Director of Military Training, and Inspector of Artillery.

Actually, he was the British Empire's No. 1 Gunner.

There was hardly a mention of that—but hundreds of words on rhapsodising about what he could do with a silly little gun that discharged lead pellets at bunny rabbits.

This is called "background" at the Ministry.

Sir Alan has a grown-up son who is serving as a gunner.

Although he is as proud of the boy's progress as any other father with a lad in khaki, they say he disdains to help him the least bit with influence.

Simon Large got out. He raised his hat, and bowed. "Best thanks" he said. "Good night, gentlemen all."



WILL SCOTT
adds another page to the nation's book of humour with this whimsical short story of the cider that made Mr. Simpel feel happy.

Squatter's Rights

PROBABLY it was Mr. Simpel's name which made him like that. He had carried it about for fifty years and no doubt it was beginning to tell. Anyway, he was like that, which was why somebody had managed to sell him the car.

Mind, the day came when he was grateful for that car. The day when his wife said "Henry, I'm positive we are no longer safe here. You must take a cottage down in the West Country and we must all move."

And Henry, who nearly always said yes, said yes now. And did it.

And the car, piled to the roof and even high above the roof, got them to Sundial Cottage in the end.

Sundial Cottage just wasn't anywhere, except in the West Country. You stood at the front door and looked at bracken and trees and hills. You stood at the back door and looked at bracken and trees and hills. You went upstairs and looked out of each bedroom window in turn. You saw bracken and trees and hills.

After a week Mr. Simpel came to the conclusion that it was more deadly than Hitler. After ten days he wanted to

scream. After a fortnight he set out to find a local and a little human sympathy.

He walked. And walked. Lane after lane. Under a railway arch and back under another. Down a long valley. He walked and walked. And came to the Old Killarney, which seemed to have been given its name out of pure devilment.

Mr. Simpel felt like a fish out of water. He could understand about one word in five of the West Country lingo. But since the Old Killarney was the nearest local to Sundial Cottage it was take it or leave it. Mr. Simpel took it.

HE was new to cider in its native state. It made him want to sing.

In the Old Killarney that night (as on most nights) was Simon Large, who lived in a hut under a tree and was reputed to be worth "millions." His hat had been new for the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908, but not new for Simon. His coat had once been his grandfather's, in the far-away days when it had elbows to its sleeves.

Each of his boots had been made for a left foot and he had not shaved since some Saturday or other.

He got into conversation with Mr. Simpel, but Mr. Simpel had to give it up.

At closing time Simon Large raised

his hat to the company, said "Good night, gentlemen all," and went out.

And there, on the gravelled clearing in front of the Old Killarney, Mr. Simpel found him a couple of minutes later, caddging a lift from one of the pub's motoring customers. Mr. Simpel thought that was rather cheek, but the landlord explained that down in the West Country everybody always gives lifts to everybody.

Which was little comfort to Mr. Simpel as he plodded his long way home in the darkness.

The next night Mr. Simpel took the car. It wasn't easy, but it was easier than walking.

Three times he nearly ditched it in the narrow lanes, but he managed to get to the Old Killarney with an hour to spare.

Simon Large was there again. And he was there again, his rags fluttering in the breeze, outside Mr. Simpel's car when closing time came. He raised his hat to Mr. Simpel.

"Un yourn?" he asked.

"What?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Un," said Simon Large.

"Un?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Yuh," said Simon Large.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Un yourn?" repeated Simon Large.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mr. Simpel.

"Plain English," said Simon Large.

"He means," said the landlord, who was looking on, "is that your car?"

"Can't get used to the language here at all," Mr. Simpel apologised. "Yes, it's my car."

"Gun mar way?" asked Simon Large.

"Gun what?" said the bewildered Mr. Simpel.

"Gun mar way?"

"He means," said the landlord, "are you going his way?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Simpel. "Which is his way?"

"Where do you live?" said the landlord.

"Sundial Cottage," said Mr. Simpel.

"Oover tarp," Simon Large repeated.

MR. SIMPEL sighed.

"He's just over top behind you," said the landlord. "He's asking for a lift."

"Oover tarp," Simon Large repeated. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Simpel, remembering that in the West Country everybody always gives lifts to everybody. "Yes, certainly. Get in."

Simon got in.

"Best thanks," he said.

Half-way home he became chatty.

"Un runs pretty bad," he ventured.

"Runs pretty bad," said Mr. Simpel.

"Yuh," said Simon.

"Who?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Un," said Simon.

"Un?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Car," said Simon.

"Oh, un," said Mr. Simpel. "Yes, Un's not very good. I've had un a long time. Secondhand at that, un was when I got un."

They came to the cross-roads which was "oover tarp," and Simon Large got out. He raised his hat and bowed.

"Best thanks," he said. "Good night, gentlemen all."

Mr. Simpel felt very pleased with himself when he reached home. He put it down to the nobility of his nature, but it was much more probably the cider.

On the following night at closing time Mr. Simpel discovered Simon Large by the side of his car once more, but this time he had the door open.

"Usual lift?" he said politely.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Oover tarp," said Simon Large. "Greatly appreciated. Moy turn payfer drinks marrer."

Mr. Simpel blinked.

"Oy zay soom ass zee you, 'Gentleman rill gentleman. Oonly gotter ayak. Oy zoy voorst zeccund—"

"You'd better get in," said Mr. Simpel. After all, he told himself, he had a noble nature. And that was very good cider.

"Best thanks," said Simon Large. And got in. And got out at the cross-roads. And raised his hat and said

"Good night, gentlemen all."

On the third night, although Simon Large had been inside the Old Killarney, he didn't seem to be anywhere outside the Old Killarney. Mr. Simpel had a feeling of relief. You like a bit of your time to yourself.

But when he opened the car door he found Simon already inside.

"Best thanks," said his old man of the sea. "Usual lift? Very kind."

And so for the third time Mr. Simpel gave Simon Large a lift. And on the next night for the fourth time. And on the next night for the fifth time.

And so it went on. . . .

It nearly took the edge off the effects of the cider. Mr. Simpel would have left his car at home and walked, but that the prospect of the six-mile walk was even more terrifying than Simon Large.

After about a fortnight of Mr. Simpel's nobility the car began to "show signs." She didn't want to start. She began to shy at hills. She smoked. She rattled.

"Un narn too good," said Simon Large.

"Un what too good?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Narn," said Simon.

"No, un isn't," said Mr. Simpel, wondering what it meant.

"Un narn too good," said Simon Large.

"Un what too good?" said Mr. Simpel.

"Narn," said Simon.

"No, un isn't," said Mr. Simpel, wondering what it meant.

THREE or four nights passed and the old bus grew steadily more senile. And then Simon Large had a suggestion to make.

"I art to take un, put un right," he said. "I were purty good, cars, one toime."

Mr. Simpel thought it over two or three times, got the meaning and nodded.

"You think you could put it right?" he said.

"Art to troy un," said Simon.

So that night Simon Large drove Mr. Simpel home and dropped him at the front door of Sundial Cottage.

"Good night, gentlemen all," he said. "Best thanks."

For several days Simon Large troyed un with the aged car. For several nights he picked up Mr. Simpel, took him to the Old Killarney and took him home again. And then came the night when she stuck for an hour at the second railway bridge.

"Ol good moind sell un," said Simon Large.

"Yow sell un!" said Mr. Simpel.

"Molight get three pun for un," said Simon. "Scrap."

Mr. Simpel considered this for five minutes.

"If you could get three pounds for her . . ." he said.

The next night Simon Large never turned up at all, and Mr. Simpel had to hurry on foot through the lanes to get to the Old Killarney in time. In front of the Old Killarney, to his astonishment, stood the old bus.

INSIDE the pub was Simon Large with what Mr. Simpel inwardly described as "two or three rowdy-dowdys like himself."

"Was only able to get two pun ten," said Simon.

"Oh," said Mr. Simpel. "Well. . ."

After all, two pounds ten shillings wasn't too bad for scrap-iron.

"Got un goin' foins now," Simon added.

"You have?" said Mr. Simpel. "Oh. Who's bought her?"

"Ol hev," said Simon. "Let you 'ave the money some toime. 'Ard up now. Best thanks."

Mr. Simpel took a deep breath.

Outside, later, Mr. Simpel saw Simon and the rowdy-dowdys crowd into the car.

"Some toime no crowd aboard give un lift 'oam," said Simon. "Full up now."

He raised his hat.

"Good night, gentlemen all," he said to Mr. Simpel. And drove home.

Mr. Simpel walked home.

He was happy. The cider was so very good.

But he was puzzled.

HE WAS A BATTLING JUGGERNAUT

A. W. HELLWELL adds another striking figure to his "Giants of the Ring" by introducing Kid Lewis, whose two-fisted ferocity made an opponent say, "He fought like ten men. I thought it was raining boxing gloves."

OLD-TIMERS round the ring-side at the Whitechapel Judean Club smiled and shook their heads as little Gershon Mendeloff ducked under the ropes.

"No good, this one," they whispered. "He'll never make a scrapper." They were shrewd judges, old and wise in the ways of the ring, but anyone who had never seen a boxing contest before would have agreed with them.

The frail slip of a Jewish lad, shuffling his feet as he waited for the gong, looked hopelessly out of his element.

The gloves seemed too big for his puny hands. Dark eyes stared nervously from his thin and pallid face. One good punch, you'd have thought, would go right through his body.

Yet to-day that shy Jewish boy is remembered as one of the greatest fighters of all time.

"Mendeloff?" you'll say. "Never heard of him."

Maybe not, but who does not know the name of Ted "Kid" Lewis, whose fame rang round the world?

From his earliest days the Kid was set on becoming a fighter. When his stern father was trying to show him how to use saw and chisel in his East End workshop, Gershon's mind was far away, building castles in the air around the day he would be a champion prize-fighter.

At home the subject was taboo.

"My boy be a glove fighter," old Mendeloff had fumed. "Shame on you to think of disgracing your father's name!"

But the day was to come when, as the Kid's fame spread both east and west of Aldgate, and throughout the land, he was to be proud of his fighting son.

For the Kid soon proved that there were energy and steady strength in his slim frame.

Gradually, rowing on the lake in Vic-

toria Park or running round the streets after dark, he built layers of muscle on his shoulders and arms to give him the terrific punch that was to carry him to the top.

He smashed his way through the best opposition the Judean Club could provide. Then, just as boxing fans were beginning to notice the pale youngster who fought so fiercely, he met his first reverse.

Matched at the National Sporting Club, a goal upon which he had long concentrated, the Kid ran into a punch in the opening minute of the fight, and it spread-eagled him for the first time in his career.

But he proved he could take it by following this defeat with an unbroken string of successes. A year later, in 1913, he won the featherweight Lonsdale belt after a terrific battle with Alec Lambert.

It was a direct clash of styles. Lambert, brilliant master of every scientific move in the game; Lewis, poker-faced Juggernaut, pounding his way to victory with a non-stop barrage of punches.

The Kid that night was fighting not only for the title and the realisation of all his dreams but to show old Solomon Mendeloff that there was honour in the profession he had so despised.

THERE was something almost frightening in the cold-blooded fashion in which he set to work to batter Lambert to a standstill.

All Lambert's skill was useless against the ruthlessness of the Kid's onslaught. By the seventeenth round, punch-drunk and dazed, he slumped to a standstill.

"It was like trying to fight ten men," he said. "I thought it was raining boxing gloves—he hit me so often."

Lewis went on to win the welter, middle and light heavyweight titles of Great Britain. Then, seeking fresh fields to conquer, he crossed to the States and won the world welter crown.

He took America by storm. They loved his two-fisted style.

The "dashing, crashing volcanic Kid," they called him, and Lewis' name on any bill was sufficient to ensure a packed arena.

He came home to the East End a wealthy man. Altogether, he must have earned nearly half a million pounds. But he still remembered his old friends, the kids with whom he had played and fought.

Gold watches, diamond pins; handsome cigarette cases—the Kid scattered them lavishly. He spent his money as recklessly as he fought.

His defeat by Georges Carpentier in the first round of their contest at Olympia was a tragedy. For Lewis it marked the beginning of the end of his brilliant career.

CARPENTIER had already made short work of Joe Beckett and Billy Wells when he was matched with Lewis. It looked like licensed murder, for the Aldgate Kid was giving away pounds in weight and inches in height and reach to the best fighter in Europe.

But it was the debonair Georges who was hanging on desperately in dire distress before the fight was two minutes old.

Lewis, crossing the ring in one tigerish bound, ducked under the deadly Carpentier left and set about plastering his ribs with short punches.

The Frenchman was smashed completely out of his stride. His famous smile was gone.

With less than a minute of the first round to go, Carpentier had his arms wrapped round Lewis to keep himself from sagging to the canvas. Joe Palmer, who was handling the bout, thrust them apart.

"No clinching," he said, and Lewis, apparently under the impression that the warning was addressed to him, turned his head to protest that the fault had not been his.

It was then that Carpentier, with more opportunism than sportsmanship, struck him. Lewis, with his gloves at his sides, had no defence.

He did not even see the smashing right-hook coming. It landed flush on his chin, and he went down like a nine-pin.

Actually, Carpentier had not committed a foul in hitting Lewis while he was talking to the referee, but he could not have been particularly proud of his victory.



"The dashing, crashing, volcanic Kid," they called him, and his name on any bill would pack the arena

One of the War's Brave Deeds

Marine Wilfred A. Russell, of the "Exeter," awarded the conspicuous gallantry medal for bravery in the battle of the River Plate

EVEN though the war has revealed many heroes, nobody will deny that Marine Wilfred A. Russell, of the *Exeter*, is the greatest of them all.

Outmanned, outgunned, outranged, the Commander of *Exeter* flung his ship at the *Graf Spee* time after time.

Suddenly, one of the *Graf Spee*'s salvoes burst on board the *Exeter*, leaving behind many dead, many dying and many wounded.

Among those still on their feet was Marine Wilfred A. Russell, whose right arm, shattered in a dozen places, hung uselessly at his side.

"You'd better get that arm attended to," said one of his shipmates. "You'd better hop below."

* * *

But Russell knew that every man who could stay on deck must stay.

"They've got enough to do down there without worrying about me," he replied. "Just help me tie this up and stop the bleeding. I'll be all right. I can still help. I've still got an arm."

With only an emergency dressing, Russell stayed to do his "bit."

Not long after, *Graf Spee* registered again.

An 11-inch shell, making a direct hit on the forward gun turret, put it out of action.

Again there were many dead, many dying and many wounded.

And again Marine Russell remained on his feet.

This time his left arm had been blown off at the elbow.

* * *

It was imperative that Russell should go below for immediate attention.

Yet he refused to go.

"We need every man we've got," he said. "Just fix me a ligature around this. I'll be all right. I can still help. I've still got my legs. I can still do my 'bit.' I can carry messages!"

Again he stayed to "do his bit." While the action continued Russell walked among his shipmates to cheer them up and to do what he could.

He went below only when the engagement ended.

Russell lived five weeks—long enough to hear he had been decorated with the Navy's highest award, the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.

Bevin's Glad-Hand Revolution

MR. ERNEST BEVIN has acquired a gigantic family.

Bombs, guns, ammunition—how many we get and how good they are—depend upon the efficiency of the munition makers and the hours they spend at the bench.

To maintain every worker at the peak of health is therefore one of the first aims of the Minister of Labour, and he has borrowed the best brains in the country for the task.

The Factory Welfare Advisory Board ("Welfare Board" for short), which he has appointed to look after Britain's army of the factories, has already worked out a nation-wide plan.

A revolutionary plan!

Communal Feeding

It provides for housing, feeding, entertaining and keeping fit the thousands of men and women who may have to be moved from one area to another at short notice.

First it will arrange billets for men who must live away from home.

The housewife who accepts two or three factory workers as lodgers will have as little extra work put upon her as possible.

After arranging billets, the next problem is food. Communal feeding centres is the answer.

Here the workers will be able to get all the meals they do not have in the factories, whose own canteens will be expanded

And these communal centres are going to be one of the few blessings of this war. Each will be a complete and comfortable club.

It will cater for hundreds, possibly thousands, from a large and finely equipped kitchen.

Buffet for Snacks

The dining-room will be simple, but neat, clean, and cheerful. The psychologists who are advising on the scheme have emphasised the importance of keeping people cheerful. And colour-schemes, however simple, can always be gay.

Mealtimes will be arranged according to the shifts worked in the particular factory it serves. Where necessary, it will keep open twenty-four hours a day.

A buffet for tea and coffee and snacks will be a part of it.

So the worker, tired from his day at the machine, is sure of a well-cooked meal in pleasant surroundings. Having eaten it, he has a complete club at his service.

Vital Recreation

There are recreation rooms where he can play billiards, darts, or any other game he fancies.

A reading and writing-room, where he can browse quietly or write to the folk at home.

Or there is a gymnasium with facilities for physical training.

A large part of the management of

these centres is to be voluntary. Huts will be erected in districts where suitable buildings are not available.

Communal baths will be installed in central buildings, complete with hot and cold water, and showers.

Because of the strain of working at high speed in munition factories, recreation is vitally important.

In addition to the B.B.C. "music while you work" programmes, lunch-time concerts are to be given inside the factory by first-class artists. Stage shows will be given at the communal centres.

Their "Sick Bays"

The Ministry of Health is setting up "sick bays" to care for men and women who are out of sorts but not ill enough to go to hospital.

Doctors will watch the general health of all workers. Plans are being made to provide sun-ray treatment where it is needed.

Munition makers will be taught how to save their energy while maintaining output. Experts will give simple lessons on "How to Avoid Fatigue."

The Board has also thought of the mother with small children. Day nurseries are being established so that her youngsters may be well looked after while she is at work.

Single idea behind the whole elaborate scheme is the fact that the most work and best work is done by people who are happy, well fed and not over-tired.

Now try
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foot-comfort

says H.L.S.

The "Wearra" way
is to fit you for width
as well as length.

Wearra Shoes for Men are in sizes and
half-sizes, each in three widths
(slim, medium, broad)—thus
ensuring a perfect fit for
every normal foot.



3
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IN TAN OR
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SHOES FOR MEN

Send a postcard for free illustrated
booklet "Footwear Since the World
Began," also name of local stockists to
the manufacturers.

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"Better safe than sorry, Miss Esmé"



"Yes, Miss Esmé, a wardrobe mis-
tress can't afford to take risks with
the expensive clothes you dancers
wear. That's why I always use
Sylvan Flakes for washing your
ballet stockings and all your other
filmy silks and insets."

"Well, Mrs. Cooke, I must admit
you wash my things beautifully.
But aren't soap flakes frightfully
expensive?"

"Expensive? Oh dear no! Why,

Sylvan gives you half as much again
for your money as the usual expen-
sive kinds. And they're safe with
woollies, too."

"But what about your hands?
Aren't soap flakes rather hard on
your hands?"

"Not Sylvan Flakes, Miss Esmé.
There's nothing
whatever in Sylvan
to harm even your
pretty hands."

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USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

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is so different from
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OF course Phensic is different from
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wonderful of all pain-relievers . . . the
quickest—and the safest, and it does not
harm the heart. There's nothing like
Phensic for anyone suffering from:

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greatest assets. If it is marred
by dull, discoloured teeth try
KOLYNOS, the tooth paste
which cleans and polishes with-
out harmful abrasive action. Its
penetrating foam keeps the mouth
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The Most
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In times like these
old friends
are
best



Men in their prime—and men in their youth—
all know the value of Beecham's Pills. A timely
dose will keep a man in the pink of condition—
keep his blood pure, his stomach in order, his
liver active and prevent him putting on weight
and girth. Purely vegetable. Sold everywhere

take
**Beecham's
Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

**HOW TO MAKE
LEMONADE
WITHOUT SUGAR**

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle
of the famous Eiffel Tower
Lemonade Crystals. In the good
old summer-times before the war,
housewives used to mix up these
crystals into jugfuls of delicious
lemonade, sweetened by a liberal
measure of sugar. But now sugar is
scarce, people have discovered that
Eiffel Tower is even more refresh-
ing when it is not so sweet, and that
they can make it quite sweet enough
without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS:

Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug,
add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and
pour over both 1½ pints of boiling water.
Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a
bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 table-
spoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin
is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or
5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or
8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey.

The crystals may be dissolved in 1½ pints
of boiling water without the addition of
any sweetening matter. When cool put
in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2
tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This
provides a most refreshing and thirst-
quenching drink.

**EIFFEL TOWER
LEMONADE**

No increase in price!
6d bottle makes 25 tumblers
A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT



7 for 6d STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
IN THE WEEKLY WALLET
OR ONE PENNY EACH

**JUST ADD
HOT WATER**

a
Refreshing
Drink
in a few
Seconds



WELCOME AT
ALL TIMES

India Fights With The Empire

**FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR CENTURIES AS REL-
LENTLESS WARRIORS, NEITHER
ASKING NOR GIVING QUARTER,
THE FIGHTING MEN OF INDIA
STAND SHOULDERS TO SHOULDERS
WITH EMPIRE TROOPS, DETER-
MINED TO HELP IN PUTTING
AN END TO NAZI AGGRESSION**

FIGHTING for the British Empire in the sandy wastes of Libya or the rocky foothills of the Abyssinian-Kenya border are scores of thousands of Indian troops.

But their services are not confined to Africa.

Indian troops served in France; they help to garrison the scorching, rocky promontory of Aden and the immense forts of Singapore.

Sikhs, with turbanned heads and black beards tied in a knot, occupy trenches alongside Australians and New Zealanders. Squat, stocky Gurkhas, like Pathans, and Mahrattas from the Indian Deccan are comrades in arms in the battle against Nazidom.

Some experts say that the Sikhs are the finest fighting units of the Indian Empire.

They are big-built, of fine physique and their mass of thick black hair, which their religion forbids them to cut, gives them an even more imposing appearance.

The true Sikh can always be distinguished because he wears the five k's—namely, kes, uncut hair; kacch, short drawers; khara, iron bangle; kripa, sword; changa, comb.

Sikhs fought hard against the British before they yielded nearly 100 years ago, but since then they have been amongst the most loyal subjects of the King.

They are first-class infantrymen, and their gallant stand on the right flank of the British forces against the Turks on the Suez Canal Line in 1914 is still a shining incident in British military records.

Pathans and Gurkhas are adapted more to guerilla than trench warfare.

Pathans, most physically fit men in the world, are keen shots, and some Pathan tribes, the Afridis, the Mohmands and the Waziris, have caused Britain trouble for decades in their mountainous homeland on the North-West Frontier.

Pathans are Aryans.

Many of them have red hair and blue eyes, and they claim to be descended from the Persian invaders led by Alexander the Great more than 2,000 years ago.

Preferring the bayonet to any other weapon, they distinguished themselves in the Flanders battles of the Great War, especially at Neuve Chapelle.

Gurkhas also proved themselves equal to the finest regiments of the Kaiser, and the Germans developed mental dread of their "kukri" (curved knives).

Ex-Servicemen still remember that wet, cold night of November 5, 1914, when Gurkhas, relieving British troops who had fought themselves almost to a standstill near Ypres, crept over the parapet towards the Germans and, hacking and slaying in the darkness, sent them in headlong retreat.

AS scouts, they could crawl to a Turkish encampment in the desert and slit the throat of the sentry without being observed.

They supplied 55,000 recruits for the Army in the Great War and will do better in this.

Their mountainous Nepalese homeland is the ideal breeding ground for guerilla fighters.

India is also supplying the Empire with handsome,



Proud, staunch and fighting fit, the soldiers of India are comrades in arms with men from every corner of the British Empire

dashing Bengal Lancers, such as those who dismounted at Ramscapelle, near Dunkirk, in 1914, and charged the German marines. They took more than 1,000 prisoners and twelve guns.

And India supplies the Mahrattas, considered by some officers to equal the best mounted infantry in the world.

Then there are Punjabis, Mahomedans from the Punjab, Delhi and the districts north of Delhi, who form the backbone of Britain's Indian armies.

Now that India has her own "Sandhurst" at Dehra Dun, she is also producing an excellent type of leader.

At one time Indian officers held only the Viceroy's Commission, which meant that a British officer, holding the King's Commission, was senior in rank.

Indian troops were then led by British officers with an Indian officer subordinate to them.

Now, because of their proved devotion and ability in the field, more and more Indian officers hold the King's Commission.

Under the command of their "naiks" (corporals), "havildars" (N.C.O.s) and havildar-majors, Britain's Indian soldiers are as proud to fight for the Empire as they are proud of the fighting castes from which they are recruited.

An Indian soldier's pay of 27 shillings to 30 shillings a month compares favourably with his earnings in civil life.

PILOTS and mechanics for requirements of the growing Air Force are being systematically recruited and trained in India. Since the outbreak of war the Royal Indian Navy has been on active service with the Royal Navy in Indian seas, guarding the trade routes.

Its personnel has been almost trebled in ten months.

India will soon be manufacturing 90 per cent. of her requirements in rifles, machine-guns, small-arms ammunition and artillery.

Her vast industrial resources, so immeasurably transformed since 1914, when India was ill-equipped to produce the essential requirements of war, are still being expanded.

And she has completed an order for one thousand million sandbags and steel, leather, blankets, rubber, coal, manganese, petroleum made or extracted there are reaching Britain in ever-increasing quantities.

The Nizam of Hyderabad has given £100,000 to Britain towards the cost of the R.A.F. squadron bearing his name, and the Maharaja of Bikaner, a veteran of three wars, said, "No Rajput is ever too old to fight."

He offered his personal services, his only surviving son, a large sum from his private purse, six battalions of infantry, his famous Camel Corps doubled in strength, and a large quantity of State products for use in munitions manufacture.

India gave us 1,500,000 men and £146,000,000 in money for the Great War.

In this war the nation of 353,000,000 will greatly exceed that tremendous effort.

WHO WILL RULE SYRIA?

UNTIL Marshal Petain's Government capitulated, the 2,500,000 people of Syria—60,000 square miles, abounding in orange groves, sheep runs and tobacco plantations—were content with French rule, ably represented by General Mittelhauser, commander of the French Forces in Syria.

Now some Syrians would like to have a monarch.

Would Welcome Him

To many Moslems, King Farouk is the protector of their Faith. It is significant that he was crowned by Sheik Mustafa El Maraghi, rector of the famous Al-Azhar University in Cairo, who has a great reputation in the Moslem world.

Arabs of Syria like the quiet, retiring young monarch now ruling Egypt.

If he would but nod in their direction, thousands would welcome him as ruler, but up to now he has been diffident of assuming the protectorship of Moslems outside his dominions.

There was a time when Britain was favourably disposed to the formation of a Pan-Arab State with the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan as ruler.

Brother of Feisal

This Emir is worth watching. A firm friend of Britain's, he recently declared that his people stood beside Democracy in the struggle against aggression.

The Emir is astute. He once

Finding a ruler for two and a half million people living in sixty thousand square miles abounding in orange groves, sheep runs, and tobacco plantations is a problem that now confronts the wise men of the East



nearly occupied Syria, but halted and was made ruler of Transjordan, which is next to Syria by the British.

Like his brother, the great King Feisal of Iraq, the Emir helped "Lawrence of Arabia" against the Turks in the Great War.

Mirror of Humility

In the entrance of his palace in Amman, the Emir has a gigantic concave-convex mirror, into which all visitors must look. It gives them a far from flattering impression of their appearance, and the necessary humility in his presence.

Then there is the five-year-old King Feisal of Iraq, whose father the adventurous warrior, ruled Syria until turned out by the French.

The young king is far more interested in two small ponies sent to him by the Regent of Hungary than in the Throne of Syria at present; he likes to ride round the ring at Baghdad Horse Show, and tip his three grooms because, as he says quite nonchalantly, "That is the right thing for kings to do."

The fact that he is already en-

gaged to the 18-month-old daughter of King Farouk and Queen Farida of Egypt gives added attraction to his candidature from the Syrian point of view.

Meantime, the ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the notorious Haj Amin el Husseini, must have his say in any discussion about the Syrian throne.

Watching from A'ar

Damascus, oldest town in the world, was the Syrian headquarters of the Grand Mufti when he was expelled from Palestine for his activities as leader of the Arab cause.

In return for shelter in Syria, he promised to have nothing to do with politics. But his messengers were always travelling between Damascus and Palestine during his residence, and when France and Britain became united in war, this expert at disguise mysteriously effaced himself.

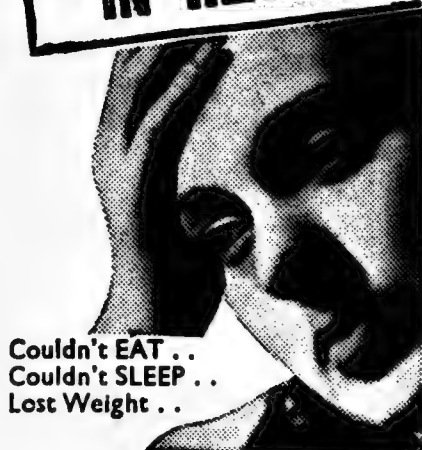
But he has been watching the Syrian cauldron seethe, and at the right moment he will try to make it boil over.

Tuft-bearded Mufti

Fortunately, Britain and Turkey are taking a firm line about Syria, and there is little prospect of the middle-aged, tuft-bearded Mufti having his way.

But as for the others—King Farouk, the Emir Abdullah, young King Feisal, or even the redoubtable ruler Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia—the "unchanging East" is changing too rapidly for any possibility to be ruled out.

5 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



Couldn't EAT...
Couldn't SLEEP...
Lost Weight...

IN EVERY CASE A FEW DOSES OF DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS BEGAN A Wonderful Recovery

1. Mrs. A.B., Derby

"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassell's Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept 6 hours that night... a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassell's saved my life."

2. Mr. F.S., Bolton

"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."

3. Mrs. L.P., Birmingham

"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."

4. Mrs. D.S., Sheffield

"For more than a year I was a nervous wreck and suffered agonies with my head, despaired of ever feeling well again. Finally I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets on the advice of a friend. She proved to be a friend indeed—because Dr. Cassell's did wonders for me."

5. Mr. L.E.D., Dublin

"Owing to loss of sleep and depression I gradually fell to pieces. Then a miracle happened. I purchased a small bottle of Dr. Cassell's Tablets one Friday evening. By the following Monday I felt a new man. I recovered all my nerve control."

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get YOUR bottle of Dr. Cassell's Tablets today! The powerful aid of this magnificent tonic will put you on your feet. Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 6/- everywhere. Trial size: 6d.

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DR. CASSELL'S
TABLETS
AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!



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THE COOLEST
SMOKE OF ALL

In a world of surprises Bondman never changes. Tin after tin contains the same even textured, slow burning tobacco; puff after puff is clean satisfying and cool from start to finish.



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Inner Cleanliness
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See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:
FIRST—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.
THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

Handy size 9d.
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ANDREWS LIVER SALT

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-keep Baby Happy,
with **FENNINGS'**
CHILDREN'S POWDERS

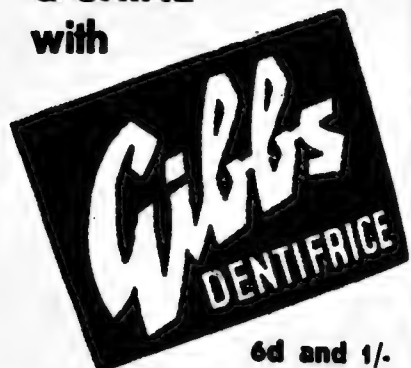
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LOSE THAT BACKACHE

BACKACHE, urinary disorders and rheumatic pains frequently occur when strain or worry has overtaxed the kidneys. These vital filtering organs are apt to clog up or weaken and the whole system suffers.

Don't drag about feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes can work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Feared Operation for PILES

The amazing success of GERMOLIDS in speedily soothing and healing even advanced cases of Piles is shown yet again in this grateful letter. "Dear Sirs, I have been a sufferer for many years from Piles and Fistula. I was so bad I thought I should have to go into hospital. However, after using ONLY ONE GERMOLID the trouble began to yield. Mrs. A. E. (Surrey). GERMOLIDS act while you sleep. They contain the same wonderful medication as the world-famous Germolene Brand Ointment. No wonder they quickly soothe away all pain and irritation. Bleeding stops, the sore tissue is healed, nerves are protected. Don't put up with another day of suffering. Get some GERMOLIDS to-day, and GET RELIEF TO-NIGHT."

GERMOLIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists and cost only 1/3 per box.

HUMANIST sympathises with the bashful young man who is too self-conscious to go into a restaurant to order a meal. He can help you to avoid being flustered by life's embarrassing problems

AFRAID OF MYSELF

LITTLE troubles sometimes hurt more than big ones. We can call on our reserves of courage to face a major operation, but a pinprick makes us fretful and irritated. In spite of the tremendous things happening to us, most of my problems this week are concerned with comparatively small anxieties.

Here is one from a young man who suffers agonies through bashfulness:—"I hardly dare walk into a crowded restaurant because I feel that all eyes will be turned on me, and I shall be tempted to bolt."

"When the waitress comes for my order I get confused and don't know what to say."

"Lately I have made the acquaintance of a nice girl and want to take her out to tea, but I'm afraid of facing the ordeal and behaving like an idiot when it comes to ordering."

"Besides, I have a most uncomfortable habit of blushing. I would give a lot to be cured of this silly trick, but I seem to be no better now than when I first left school five years ago."

Many young men will sympathise with this sufferer. But his troubles can be cured.

Whenever he goes into a restaurant he should make up his mind beforehand what he wants to eat. There is generally a bill of fare displayed outside.

Knowing what he wants will give him confidence. In an emergency he can always say to the waitress, "What can

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

you recommend, please?" to save him from becoming flustered.

When he takes the girl to tea he should ask her to give the order, and feel sure of getting something agreeable to both.

Now that he has reached the stage of going about with a girl friend the blushing habit will diminish.

Next time he goes into a crowded restaurant he need not imagine that all eyes will be on him. Half the people will not see him at all, and most of the others will look at the girl. That is one advantage of allowing the lady to lead the way!

"What advice can you give to a 'back number'?" asks a woman reader. "That is what I have become! I gave myself unsparingly in the last war, and would do so again if I could."

"My grouse is that I am never taken seriously. My mannerisms, mistakes,

even illnesses, are exaggerated and related in company to raise a general laugh.

"I have become 'poor old Mum'—Just a good-tempered old crock, always ready to laugh at herself, but feeling more than a little hurt."

"Why is it that some people get such fun at the expense of others' misfortunes? It seems so cheap to me."

"Please don't think I am sorry for myself. I can see the funny side of myself—but I am tired of being chaffed."

"If I say that I am tired of it I shall merely encourage the jokers, because, as I have told you, they will not take me seriously."

I imagine that the culprits are mainly young people, and the explanation of their behaviour is not malice or deliberate unkindness, but simply thoughtlessness.

They don't mean to hurt, and would be surprised if they knew that "poor old Mum" resented it.

Thoughtlessness is generally due to lack of imagination. The young people see the mannerisms as humorous; they never try to see them from any other point of view.

The scoffers need to be told about the effects of their ridicule. Believe me, they'll take it seriously—and all the decent ones will stop it right away. . . .

A RECENT article on a girl's loneliness brought my heaviest post-bag of the year.

A dozen men expressed their willingness to marry her; scores more wanted an introduction to her.

But what I asked for was advice on how to get rid of loneliness. Here are two letters which should be helpful.

"Speaking from experience," begins one. "I should at once condemn the girl bachelor's home. That is her self-erected barrier."

"I would advise a move as quickly as



"I hardly dare walk into a crowded restaurant because I feel that all eyes are on me . . . when the waitress comes for my order I get confused and don't know what to say"

possible to an organised boarding-house or family circle.

"Time enough to seek the 'bliss of solitude' when grey hairs will be revered!"

"The young lady will soon find her own level; and I can only conclude by quoting from the words of yet another old friend: 'What's for ye will ne' go by ye.'"

That letter is full of sound wisdom. There is room for only one more, and I choose the following from a heap of others:—

"I have two children, aged thirteen and ten. The elder is a fine girl—studious, reserved, well behaved, and with all the other good qualities a parent could wish."

"But she does not make many friends."

"Now the younger makes friends wherever she goes. She is very sympathetic to anyone in trouble. She would generously give away all her toys and books. She will chat freely to a stranger."

"You see, she does not wait for friends. She finds them every day and everywhere. That is what the lonely woman ought to do: go out and find them."

"Surely there are some kiddies around where she lives? Let her get to know them and invite them to her house. . . ."

"Let her forget the things she missed during her own childhood and think about what to-day has in store. Let her remember, too, 'It's a lovely day to-morrow.'"

bals, nursed the sick, reared a family, said of the patch: "A rent is an event of the day. A patch is premeditated poverty."—Germaine M. Redwood, 3, Thornton Avenue, London, W.4.

Miss Redwood loses. Writer of that "Sickly" footnote did wear a patch. A rent can only be an event of the day when a mother can afford to discard the torn garment at once. How many mothers can? How many mothers—putting food first—would?

YOU say, "Let public-houses pay their Christmas club clients in War Savings Certificates."

Admirable. But may I add a suggestion.

One such club to which I belong used to have a 6d. a week football sweep. Football being ended, we now ballot for the money—and pay in Savings Certificates.

Membership is nearly double. Will licensees please take note.—R. Hayes, Fountain Street, Ferndale, Glam.

Cash Prizes

★ This is **YOUR** corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Making His Own Air Raid Shelter



The War Office Attitude to the Aliens



Army Meals Now Fit for a King

ON a motor-coach tour "Somewhere in Scotland" the conductor explained all the points of interest on the way. Typical utterances were: "There are troops in those woods," and "Over there is one of the biggest munition factories in the country."

All this was said with a confident air—as much as to say, "Nobody but a hundred per cent. patriot would use my motor-coach, but don't tell anybody else."—V. P., Eastwood Mains Road, Giffnock, Glasgow.

MY breakfast this morning consisted of four rashers of bacon fried to perfection—with fried bread, and bread, butter and jam to follow.

The other day we had sliced peaches for tea. Cake and sausage rolls are frequently on my menu.

Every meal I have is a sheer delight—and there is as much of it as any human being could want.

I write this to let mothers know that the Army of to-day is really all right, for I sign myself—Private 5679612, "Somewhere in England."

Full Army rations, properly cooked, are fit for a king. When there is need for grumbling—and there sometimes is—the fault is usually local.

PLEASE draw attention to the fact that deadly nightshade is now bearing fruit.

The danger is greater now that hundreds of thousands of town children who don't know that death lurks in the

attractive berry live in the country.—E. Y. M. West, Wilbury Cottages, Stotfold Road, Letchworth, Herts.

Northwood (Middlesex) Council, pulling down country hedges, spared a bank of deadly nightshade near Eastcote Station—apparently regarding it as picturesque.

MY young son came home the other Sunday with a beautiful red rose.

I found out that a local woman shopkeeper was giving a rose from her garden to everybody who put money regularly into the Red Cross box on her counter.

My son, I found, had been giving a penny of his Saturday pocket-money to the Red Cross every Sunday.—E. Smith, 35, Kensington Street, Leicester.

DENIED a free Anderson shelter, my friend decided to build his own.

An old saloon car body—delivered for a pound from a junk-yard—was submerged to the window ledges. The windows were cemented up, and the whole lot covered with a mound, apart from one door, reached by a slope.

With old car seats fitted, it is the most comfortable shelter I have seen.—L. A. V., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

An automobile engineer says: "Novices should be careful in their choice of saloon bodies. Not all will take great weights."

FOR sixteen years the State has helped me with treatment, medicines, doctors, nurses, and now has given me a wheel chair. You see, I am a cripple.

Britons—we criticise our country. It is our right to do so. There'll be the devil to pay when we can't.

But there's something to fight for. Honestly, now, isn't there?—Miss D. N., Uppingham, Rutland.

I DON'T agree with **JOHN BULL**'s sickly footnote extolling patched clothes.

Obviously, you never had to wear a patch at school.

My great grandmother, who went to the colonies in the early days, helped to build her own mud-hut, evaded cannibal-

HITLER is trying to blockade Britain by dive-bombing attacks on convoys.

The nation that blockades must be superior at sea.

Yet the greatest maritime races of all time are the British, the Portuguese, the Norsemen, the Danes, and the Dutch.

All those mercantile marines, with the exception of Portugal's, are against him.—Miss C. N., Adelaide Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

Nobody can say that the Portuguese—oldest allies of Britain—are with Hitler. Portuguese "Potato Joneses" have brought huge quantities of food and war materials to Britain.

WE set up Aliens Tribunals to decide whether enemy aliens should be interned.

Now we have put behind bars many people whom these tribunals said were free to roam at large.

Don't we know our own minds?—T. B., Crawley, Sussex.

Position is that War Office refused to accept some of tribunal decisions. But it is not fair to criticise. The War Office is entitled to examine credentials from different standards from those employed by local authorities, who are apt to view people as good or bad rate-payers. "John Bull" says: "Fix a standard that suits everybody and adhere to it."

STOP paperhangers from using flour for their paste.

They weren't allowed to do so last time.

A substitute was discovered. It should be employed again.—R. J. Harrison, 8, Thoresway Road, Wilmslow, Manchester.

Many have been using the substitute since the last war. Trade reports: "Worst culprits are the amateur paperhangers."

CALAMITY tongue-waggers would do well to copy the example of the Grosvenor House liftman who greets his passengers every morning with, "Good morning; another day nearer to victory."—M. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Higham, Lancs.

The Last Laugh

H. N. (Kensington).—"Where is this Silent Column everybody's talking about?" In Trafalgar Square.

V. M. (Bolton).—"I am sick of consulting the doctor about that tired feeling I get. He always recommends something distasteful." Work?

S. B. (Hampstead).—"I did not know my husband would be wearing his tin helmet when he returned home from the club." Never mind—perhaps he will buy you a new saucepan.

FARMER (Essex).—"The military authorities will persist in pulling my haystacks to pieces." Wouldn't it save a lot of trouble if you supplied them with a whole packet of needles?

D. N. (Halifax).—"The German and Italian naval authorities have been meeting a lot of late." Yes, they have probably decided to sink the Ark Royal in deeper water in future.

R. N. (Hitchin).—"The modern woman is at home in Army work, at home in ambulance work, and at home in business." That explains why she is seldom at home.

H. L. (Cambridge).—"It will be at least another five hundred years before man can travel to the moon." Never mind, we are not having a holiday this year, anyway.

PRE. J. (Chelmsford).—"There was trouble when the corporal discovered I had taken one of his boots in mistake for my own." It sounds as if you put your foot in it.

MUSICIAN (Hastings).—"If anyone wishes to get his pitch right, he should use a tuning-fork." We must tell our cricket groundsman about this.

H. C. (Hendon).—"This would be a better land to live in if everybody fostered the spirit of amity and good will in their own homes." What? No bridge?

T. E. (Esher).—"People are requested not to undertake rail journeys in certain areas except on business which they may have to particularise to the police." Imagine the predicament of a professional card-sharpener!

E. B. (Bakewell).—"I have no distant relatives now." They're all living with you?

Mrs. L. (Hayes).—"There is no doubt about it, a dog is one of man's best friends." See letter below.

Mrs. L. (Hayes).—"My mother, who has stayed with me for years, has left my house because my husband bought a bull terrier." See letter above.

T. J. (Tenby).—"Some of the latest machines do the work of twelve men." Yes, but unfortunately we do not happen to be one of the dozen.

Mrs. K. (Midhurst).—"What do you think my daughter said when I asked her to put me on an iron?" That it wasn't large enough?

J. M. (Falkirk).—"Let us have a gay, light-hearted spirit." That's all right if we've an ancestral home to put him in.

F. T. (Gillingham).—"We must remain solid and ice-cold in the face of emergency." Looks as if the sales of refrigerators will go up then.

Miss S. (Seaton).—"I told my boy I don't mind if everything we have—cottage, wages, garden—is on the smallest scale." You won't even mind if the milk is condensed?

PUZZLED (Wimbledon).—"What would you do if you met a man dancing with rage and brandishing a club?" Direct him to the nearest golf course.

LULU (Perth).—"A friend has sent us a cheque for our wedding, but it has been returned 'R.D.' How can I get even with him?" Display it in a prominent position among the wedding presents.

KITTY (Chatham).—"The world is a very marvellous sphere, and I'm always pondering lots of little things about it, so intriguing that they keep me awake at night. Small things, you know, but in a way important." We think we know what you mean—we ourselves are always bothered about how a hen knows the size of our egg-cups.

G. P. (Portsmouth).—"The Fleet Air Arm are the eyes of the Navy." Watchdogs for the seadogs, in fact.

P. J. (Feltham).—"After all, I ought to know a little about what I am writing." That's what we think!

J. G. (Norwich).—"With a wife and a large family, I play second fiddle at home." Aren't you lucky to be in the band at all?

D. C. (Ely).—"Some people's faces are their fortune, but my fortune is my intellect." Ah, well—poverty isn't a crime!

L. R. (Shifnal).—"From my own experience, I know the old adage of there being a fool in every family to be perfectly correct." We sincerely hope that you are not an only son.

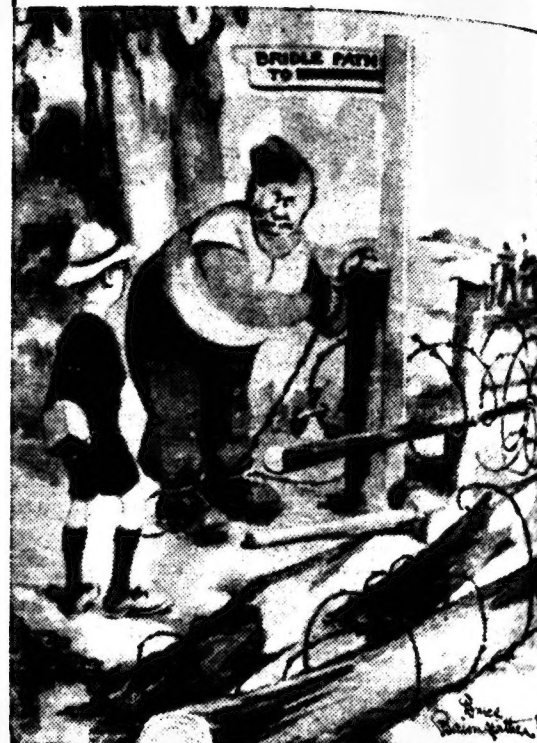
Mrs. R. V. (Bedford).—"I am very proud of my youngest child—she is a veritable prodigy." We're a prodigy in our youngest, too—eleven years old and doesn't play the piano.

W. A. (Crowland).—"After pretending to be fond of her stupid little lap-dogs and playing up to my rich aunt for years, what do you think she left me in her will?" The lap-dogs?

C. R. (Alcester).—"The doctor was very pleased with my improvement. My legs were more swollen, but he said that didn't worry him at all." Probably if his legs were swollen it wouldn't worry you much.

OLD BILL By Bruce Bairnstat

"That's enough about 'ow 'Arold did it at 'Astings. I'm doin' it now!"



Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WAKEFIELD EXPRESS:—"Mr. B. played the Lohengrin 'Bridle March' and Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'"
NEWS CHRONICLE:—"The door broke one of his legs in several places."

THE NELSON LEADER:—"The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. J. W. and those of BROODSMAN by Mr. N. H."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"The bombs were observed to call on the centre of the target."

TYLDESLEY JOURNAL:—"A pretty ensemble was formed underneath the banner by small children pressed in pink."

CHESTER CHRONICLE:—"An order has been issued in Germany for the destruction of all D.A.S., except those used for war purposes."

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be really cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.3, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHNBULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance. DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if 5oz. medium or broad nib. Address—"JOHN BULL, PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.2."

What I prescribe for Indigestion

By a well-known Doctor.

Although there are numerous symptoms of digestive disorder—pain after meals, wind, heartburn, palpitation, sick headache, etc., they are nearly all due to one primary factor, and that is *excess acid*. Consequently, the accepted general treatment consists of prescribing a good antacid.

Many years of careful testing in my own practice have proved that one of the oldest of such antacids is still unsurpassed—"Bisurated" Magnesia. And my experience is not an isolated one: I find that doctors in every continent agree—no other remedy has such world-wide medical acceptance. If you suffer with stomach trouble, you can't do better than take "Bisurated" Magnesia. The moment it reaches the stomach, it neutralises the dangerous excess acid, and soon your digestion is restored to normal pain-free activity.

NOTE: "Bisurated" Magnesia, referred to above, is obtainable at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

SILF

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 inches
Reduced Hips - 6 inches
Reduced Waist - 9 inches

Grateful Lady says:—"I thought you would be interested to know that your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. "SILF" improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless. All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, or post free by sending the price to

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 46V)
39, SHAFESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.2.
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No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR disappeared like magic



Try this quick new easy Way.

"I never dared appear in evening dress or bathing suit. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET.' This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth. No ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves." 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

RHEUMATISM

"Can now go without stick"

Six years ago Mrs. E. S., of Rottendon, Essex, was advised to have hospital treatment for her Rheumatism, but she felt she could not afford either the time or the money. Like so many other brave sufferers, she resigned herself to bear her pain as well as she could. Then one Sunday afternoon she read in her Sunday paper an advertisement for Fynnon Salt and made up her mind to try a tin. "After carrying out the instructions," she writes, "I found relief and have still kept to Fynnon. It is also a good tonic for keeping the bowels regular. Now I can go without my stick and have hung it up, but I shall continue with Fynnon. I have told my friends about it, and my husband is taking it regularly for Arthritis. We would not be without Fynnon, believe me."

There's a ring of conviction about that letter. And no wonder. For Fynnon Salt with its active Spa mineral elements, Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, just routs out Rheumatism—rinses it gently from the system. Make up your mind to try a tin—the first step along the road to pain-free suppleness of joint and limb. Large tin, 1/3. New Trial Size, 6d.

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in "SHADFORTH'S" (Shadforth brand Bladder Comforters). They act like a charm. They are prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with this proved remedy. Trial size, 6d. (by post only). Larger sizes, 1/4, 2/6, 4/6 and 13/- (by post or from your nearest chemist).

FREE TRIAL OFFER (by post only). For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one, who have not had them before. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon, asking for "SHADFORTH'S" BLADDER COMFORTERS SERVICE LTD. (Dept. J.S.55), 25, King William St., London, E.C.4.



Prepare for the Winter. You are asked to place your order for Coal and Coke now. But with so many people already doing this, your merchant may find it impossible to deal with **your** order at once. **He will deliver it just as soon as he possibly can.** In the meantime, prepare extra storage space, in the open or under cover.

You can save fuel, too. Here are four things to do *now*.

- 1** Use your Coke boiler only on days when it is really required.
- 2** Sift and use all cinders.
- 3** Insulate hot water pipes and tanks.
- 4** Clean dampers and, if possible, get pipes and boilers scaled.

ONCE YOUR CELLAR IS FULL . . . KEEP IT FULL!

Issued by the Mines Department

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